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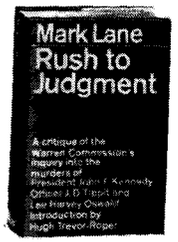

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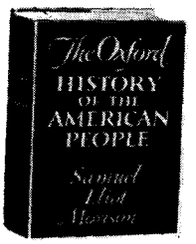

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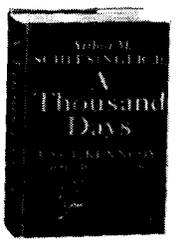

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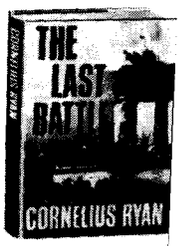

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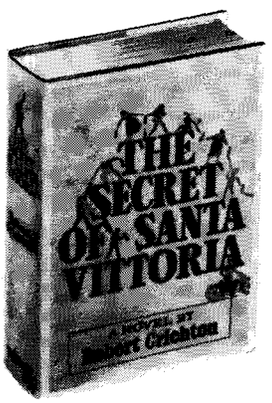

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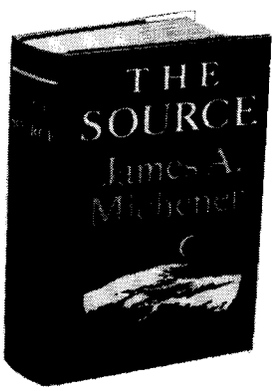

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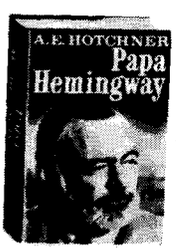

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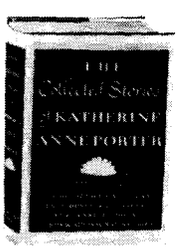

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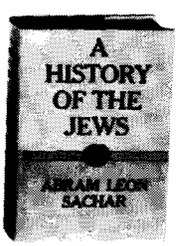

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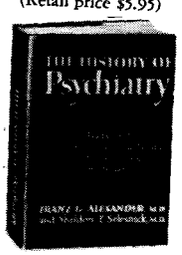

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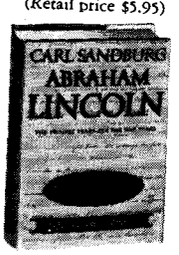

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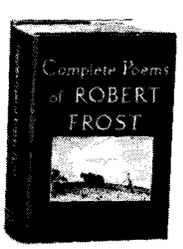

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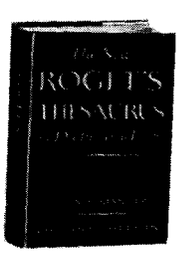

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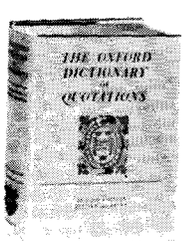

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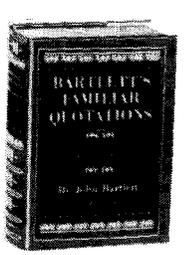

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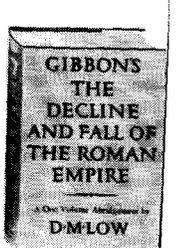

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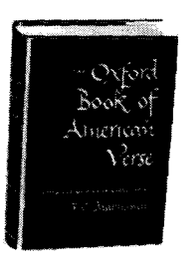

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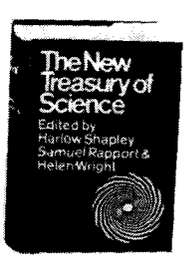

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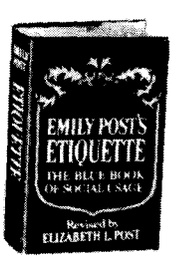

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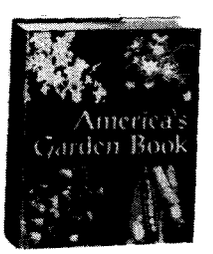

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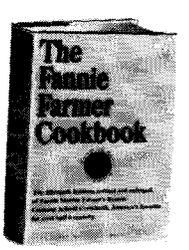

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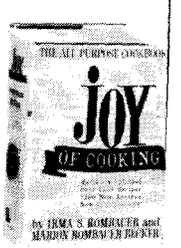

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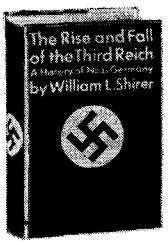

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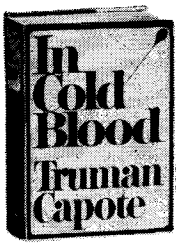

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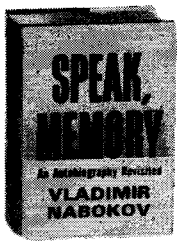

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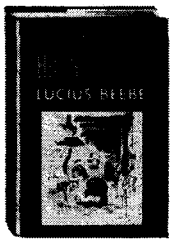

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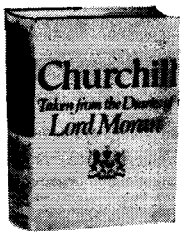

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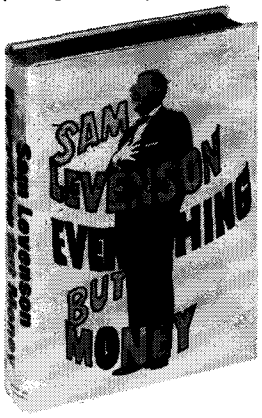

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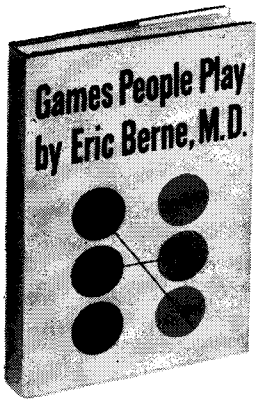

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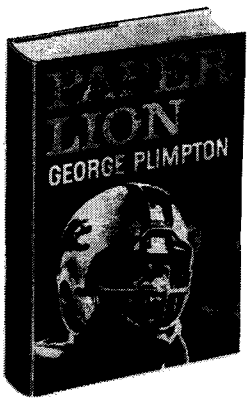

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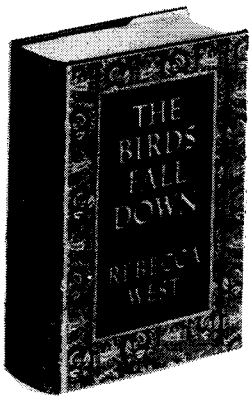

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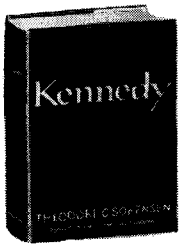

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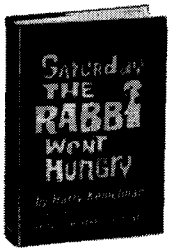

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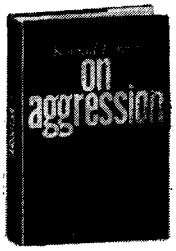

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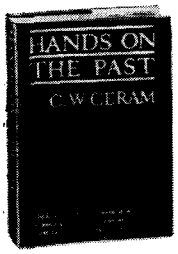

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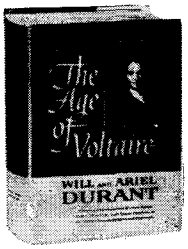

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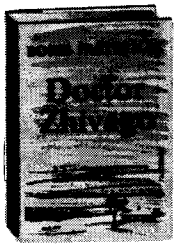

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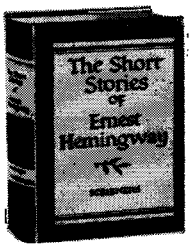

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THE REPORTER, February 9, 1967. Volume 36, No. 3. Second-class postage paid at New York, New York, and at Dayton, Ohio. Published every other Thursday except for omission of two summer issues by The Reporter Magazine Company, 660 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y. 10021. © 1967 by The Reporter Magazine Company. All rights reserved under Pan-American Copyright Convention. Subscription prices, United States and U. S. Possessions: One year $7, Two years $11, Three years $14. Additional postage for Canada and Pan-American Union, $.50 per year; all other countries, $1.00 per year. Please give four weeks' notice when changing address, giving old and new address. **Send notice of undelivered copies on Form 3579 to: The Reporter, Box 501, Des Moines, Iowa 50302.** Indexed in *Reader's Guide to Periodical Literature and Public Affairs Information Service.*

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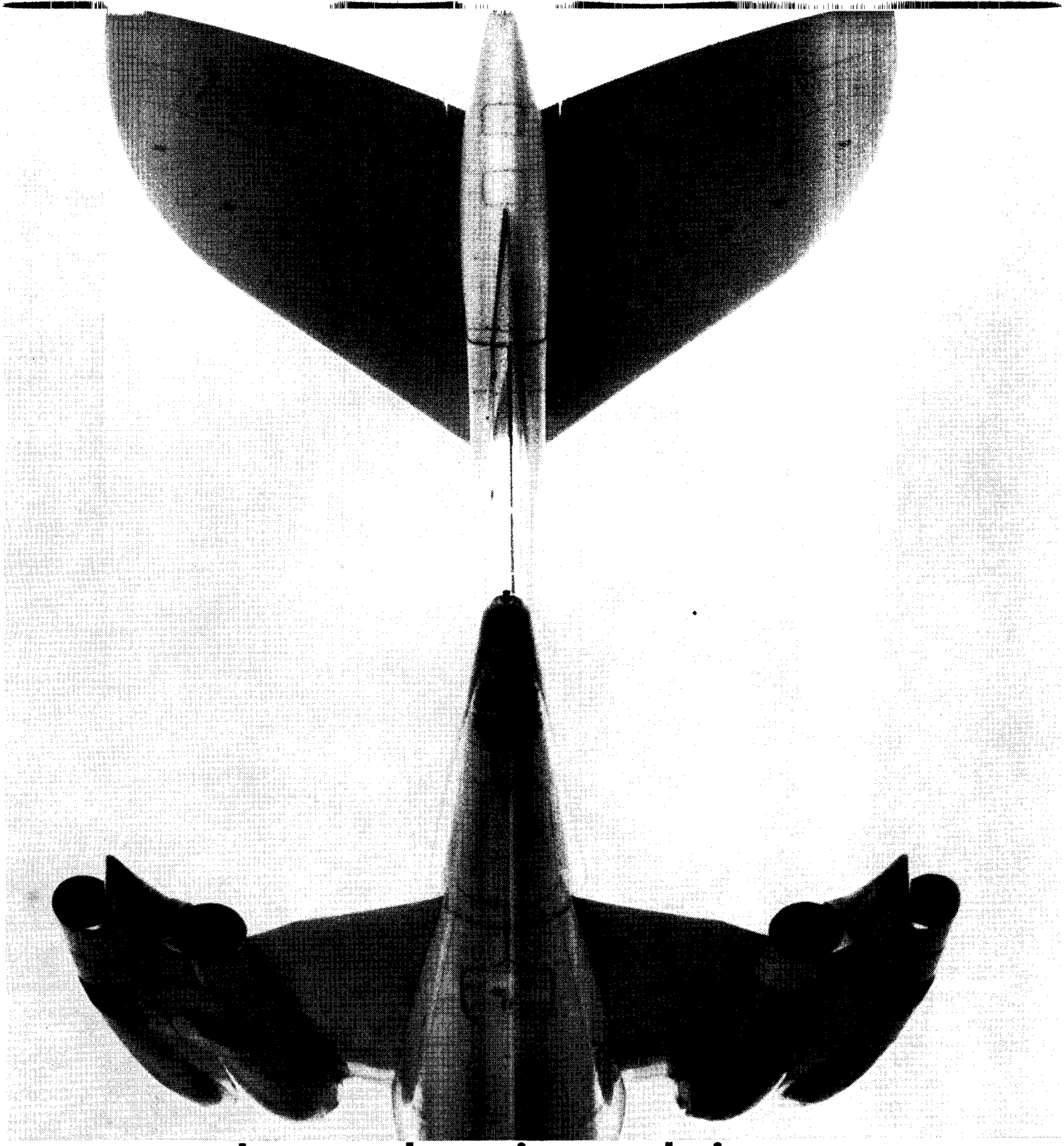

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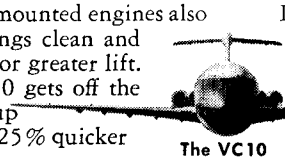

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WHO— WHAT— WHY—

"In the Middle East the spirit of goodwill toward all unfortunately has not yet taken hold. An already tortured peace seems to be constantly threatened. We shall try to use our influence to increase the possibilities of improved relations among the nations of that region, and we are working hard at that task." So the President said in his State of the Union message, and he cannot help having thought of the relations between Egypt and Saudi Arabia—which are even worse, if possible, than those between Israel and Syria. Gamal Abdel Nasser has very ambitious ideas in his mind, which may be destined to become reality if he takes advantage of the opportunity the British presented him with by announcing their withdrawal from Aden. **Lawrence Mosher,** Middle East correspondent for the Copley News Service reporting from Saudi Arabia, takes over from the point Sir Julian Amery made in our December 1 issue. Mr. Mosher describes how the situation is deteriorating to the extent that the British garrison in Aden seems concerned mainly with getting out with as little loss of life as possible—leaving south Arabia with only a minuscule army to defend itself. . . . Across the Red Sea on the Horn of Africa lies the ancient empire of Ethiopia. Here, at least, whatever expansionist plans Nasser may have seem stalemated by Haile Selassie's comparatively well-equipped army. But **Claire Sterling** writes that after half a century of rule, time may now be running against the Lion of Judah.

For some time now, architectural students who used to safari to Manhattan have instead been making their field trips to Montreal. Ninety minutes by air from New York, this other island is the scene of an imaginative and lively expansion. Added impetus at the moment comes from the celebration of Canada's hundredth anniversary of confederation, by way of Expo 67 (the only "first category" World's Fair to be held in North America since the establishment of the International Exhibitions Bureau in 1928). **Rasa Gustaitis,** formerly a reporter for the New York *Herald Tribune,* is now free-lancing. . . . President Sukarno of Indonesia is a man with nine lives, but **Denis Warner** concludes that he has now had them all. Mr. Warner's dispatch from Djakarta discusses the bleak immediate future for Indonesians in the wake of the Big Bung. . . . It all began last spring when Mexican-American delegates staged a large-scale walkout at a meeting in Albuquerque that had been set up by the Federal Equal Employment Opportunities Commission to talk over the grievances of Mexican-Americans in the Southwest. The event became something of a watershed in the history of U.S. citizens of Latin-American origin. Frustrated by the politicians' indifference to their problems, Mexican-Americans made their protest felt where it hurt most—at the November polls. And according to **Marvin Alisky,** director of the Center for Latin American Studies at Arizona State University in Tempe, that was just a warmup.

Donald Hogan, a former night city editor of the New York *Herald Tribune,* has for the past several years been engaged in business enterprises that have taken him on travels throughout the world. Mr. Hogan, who now lives in British Columbia, has recently been devoting himself to full-time writing. This is his first published short story. . . . A university teacher of English and American literature, **Malcolm Bradbury** has taught in both countries and is the author of two academic comic novels, *Eating People Is Wrong* (Knopf) and *Stepping Westward* (Houghton Mifflin). . . . **Glendy Culligan** is a former book-review editor of the Washington *Post.* . . . **Marcus Klein** is a Fulbright exchange scholar on leave from the State University of New York at Buffalo. He is lecturing this year at the Université de Toulouse. . . . **John Alexander Allen** is on the faculty of Hollins College in Virginia. . . . **Fernando Krahn** has lost his appetite.

Our Indonesian cover is by **Bill Berry.**

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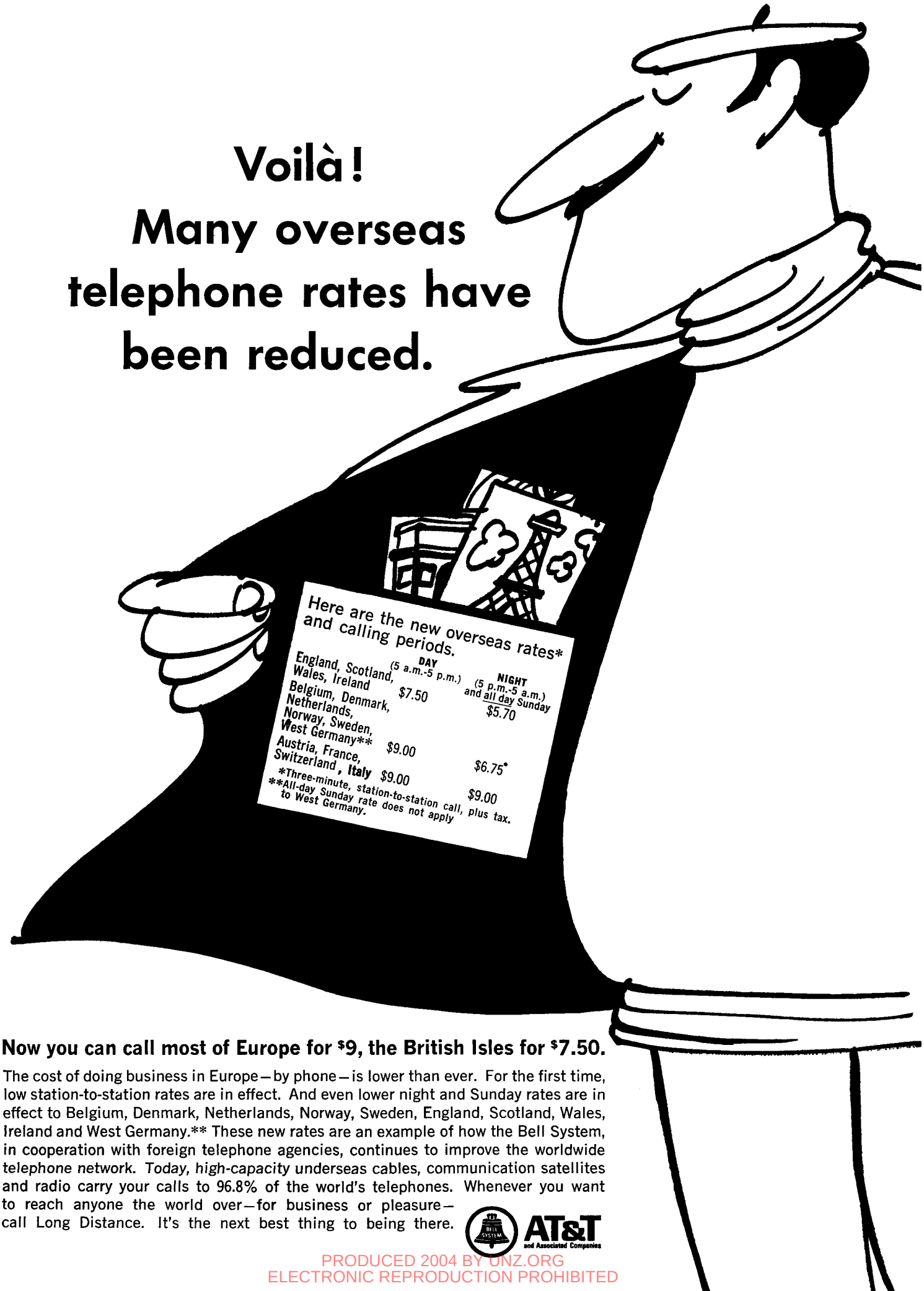
Here are the new overseas rates* and calling periods.
DAY (5 a.m.-5 p.m.)
NIGHT (5 p.m.-5 a.m.) and all day Sunday
England, Scotland, Wales, Ireland $7.50 $5.70
Belgium, Denmark, Netherlands, Norway, Sweden, West Germany** $9.00 $6.75*
Austria, France, Switzerland, Italy $9.00 $9.00
*Three-minute, station-to-station call, plus tax.
**All-day Sunday rate does not apply to West Germany.

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The cost of doing business in Europe—by phone—is lower than ever. For the first time, low station-to-station rates are in effect. And even lower night and Sunday rates are in effect to Belgium, Denmark, Netherlands, Norway, Sweden, England, Scotland, Wales, Ireland and West Germany.** These new rates are an example of how the Bell System, in cooperation with foreign telephone agencies, continues to improve the worldwide telephone network. Today, high-capacity underseas cables, communication satellites and radio carry your calls to 96.8% of the world's telephones. Whenever you want to reach anyone the world over—for business or pleasure—call Long Distance. It's the next best thing to being there.

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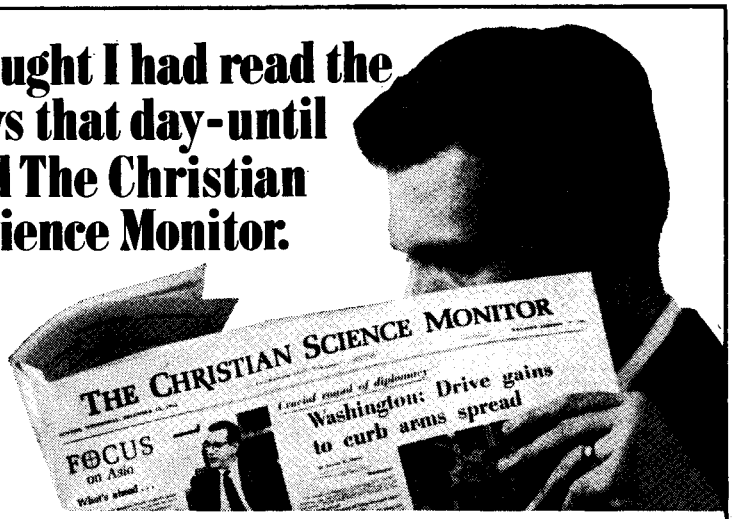
I thought I had read the news that day-until I read The Christian Science Monitor.



When I finished reading my local newspaper that evening and turned to the Monitor, what a surprise I got!

You see, I had never read the Monitor before, although I'd certainly heard of its reputation. I knew that no paper in the world was more respected. Now that I think back, I believe that is probably what scared me off. I think I felt the Monitor might be kind of stuffy and high-brow and hard to read.

But that evening I felt like reading an extra newspaper to help keep me company while my wife was out shopping and picked up a copy on the way home from work.

I'm thankful I did. Because the Monitor showed me I hadn't read *half* of the news that day. And the part I *had* read was probably the less interesting part!

It was almost hard to believe that the Monitor wasn't talking about some other day, perhaps in the future!

Here was a late story on new tensions in Africa. And new word on the Chinese-Russian split. And a story on the Republicans' secret plans for the next Presidential election — why had I missed that one before? And here in the sports section was a witty story on major league spring training.

The Monitor is *easy* to read. Of course, it always treats me as an intelligent adult. But you don't have to be an expert on anything to read it — because the Monitor always *explains*.

And my wife also likes the way it deals with fashions and entertainment.

Throughout this newspaper is news that we read with real interest.

We're still taking our local paper, because it provides good coverage of the news around here. But we wouldn't be without our Monitor — we're the kind of people who hate to miss anything.

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CORRESPONDENCE

BACKLASH AND PERCY

To the Editor: Richard C. Wade's "Backlash in the Percy Campaign" (*The Reporter*, January 12) is, I believe, an amazingly lucid account of the politics of race as manifested today. If Senator Percy shines a little less brightly in the Republican canon of saints, perhaps the problem that faces us all in coming years has become better illuminated thanks to *The Reporter*.

Mr. Wade suggests that there are no areas of this country that are unaffected by the backlash so effectively exploited by the G.O.P. in Illinois. Judging by my own experience as both a candidate and editor of Wyoming's Democratic newspaper, I conclude that Mr. Wade is absolutely correct. The not-so-subtle exploitation of the race issue in Wyoming in 1966 ("Crime in the streets, crime in the streets, crime in the streets . . .") by Republican candidates for high office was, in my opinion, a decisive factor in the outcome. It is not necessary to have a large Negro community present to reap dividends from such exploitation; indeed, for obvious reasons, the smaller the Negro community, the more effective the exploitation of the race issue may become. The issue, then, cannot be confined to Cicero and other traditional areas of white-Negro confrontation. It has already poured over the dikes with devastating results.

MIKE LEON, Editor
The Spokesman
Story, Wyoming

To the Editor: Richard C. Wade's excellent analysis of the effects of white backlash in the Percy-Douglas campaign has come under attack by the Chicago *Daily News*, among other Illinois newspapers. The essential truth of Wade's arguments might well be judged by the fatuous and totally unconvincing rejoinder the *News* makes in support of Percy's idealism and "integrity." The plain fact of the matter was (and is) that a good many white Chicagoans are scared out of their wits by the prospect of open housing; relatives of my own, living a comfortable distance from the ghettos, voted for Percy because "*they* were just taking too much" and because Percy was, in more senses than one, their white knight. Mr. Douglas's defeat is a tragedy for Illinois.

ELMER N. FELTSKOG
Assistant Professor
The University of Wisconsin
Madison

To the Editor: Mr. Wade's analysis of Senator Percy's victory is highly misleading.

Contrary to the views of some embittered Democrats, the alleged white

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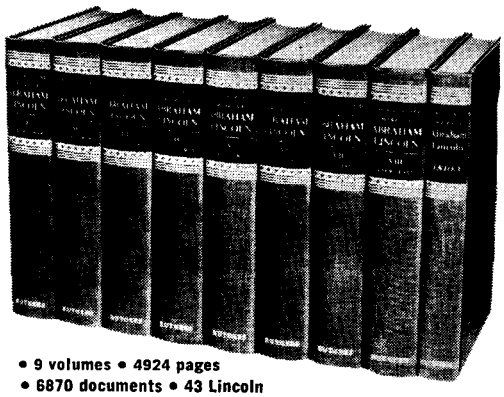

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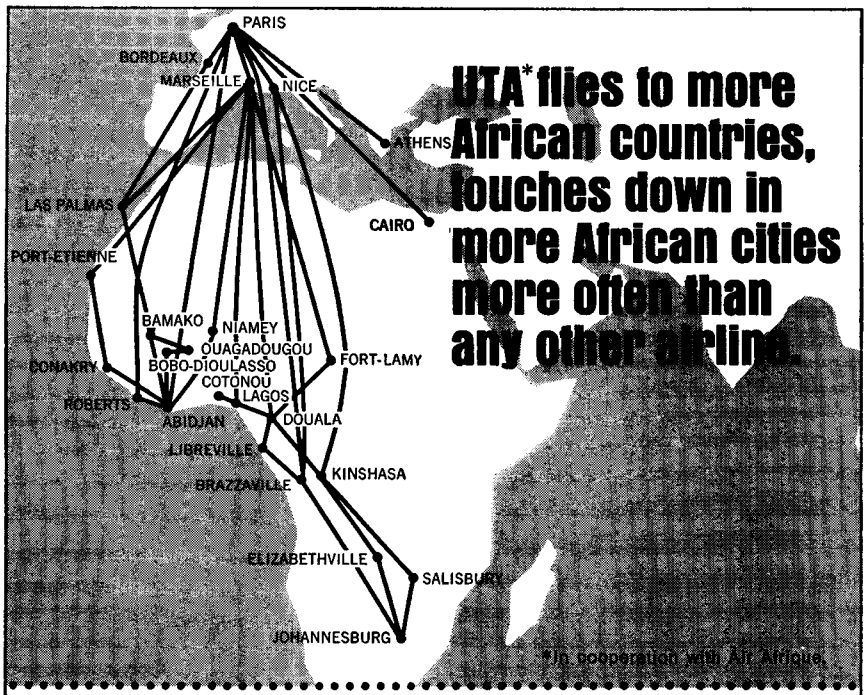

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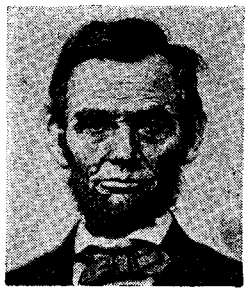

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backlash did not elect Percy. With strong support from a highly united Republican Party and large numbers of responsible independents, he elected himself.

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By contrast, the Douglas campaign was colorless, unimaginative, and uninspired. It was, in a word, dull. Mr. Douglas was an old and tired campaigner. The spirit and force of yesteryear were gone.

WILLIAM C. IVES
Hinsdale, Illinois

LEGAL PROLIFERATION

To the Editor: The article by James Biery ("Corpus Christi's Squad Car Lawyer," *The Reporter,* January 12) illustrates the almost unbelievable extent to which criminal codes have proliferated. If the Texas Penal Code is in five volumes (including variations introduced by differing court decisions), how is it possible for police or the public (or indeed any non-lawyers) to make any attempt to understand it or act on it?

This is only a single example of the excessive growth of legal codes. One of the most urgent areas of legal reform is the necessity for reduction and clarification of the laws into codes of reasonable and meaningful size.

P. L. FORSTALL
Evanston, Illinois

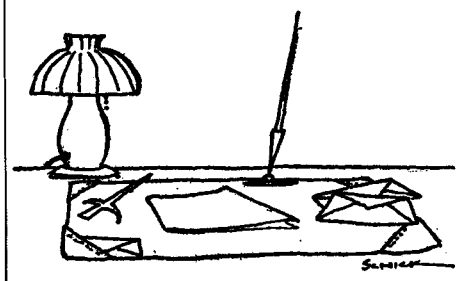
VIETNAM: WHY

To the Editor: I am the only American in this Danish city of forty thousand. The locals, all of whom are experts in international affairs, delight in raising Cain with me over our Vietnam policy. I have been manning my lonely rampart as best I can, but now, having been outflanked in a fiendishly clever maneuver, I am faced with the prospect of addressing a very prestigious men's luncheon club on February 6.

I must have a copy of "Vietnam: Why" well before February 6. Do please dispatch a copy posthaste.

WENLEY D. NELSON
Kolding, Denmark

To the Editor: Please send me three copies of "Vietnam: Why" at $1 each. Incidentally, many thanks for turning



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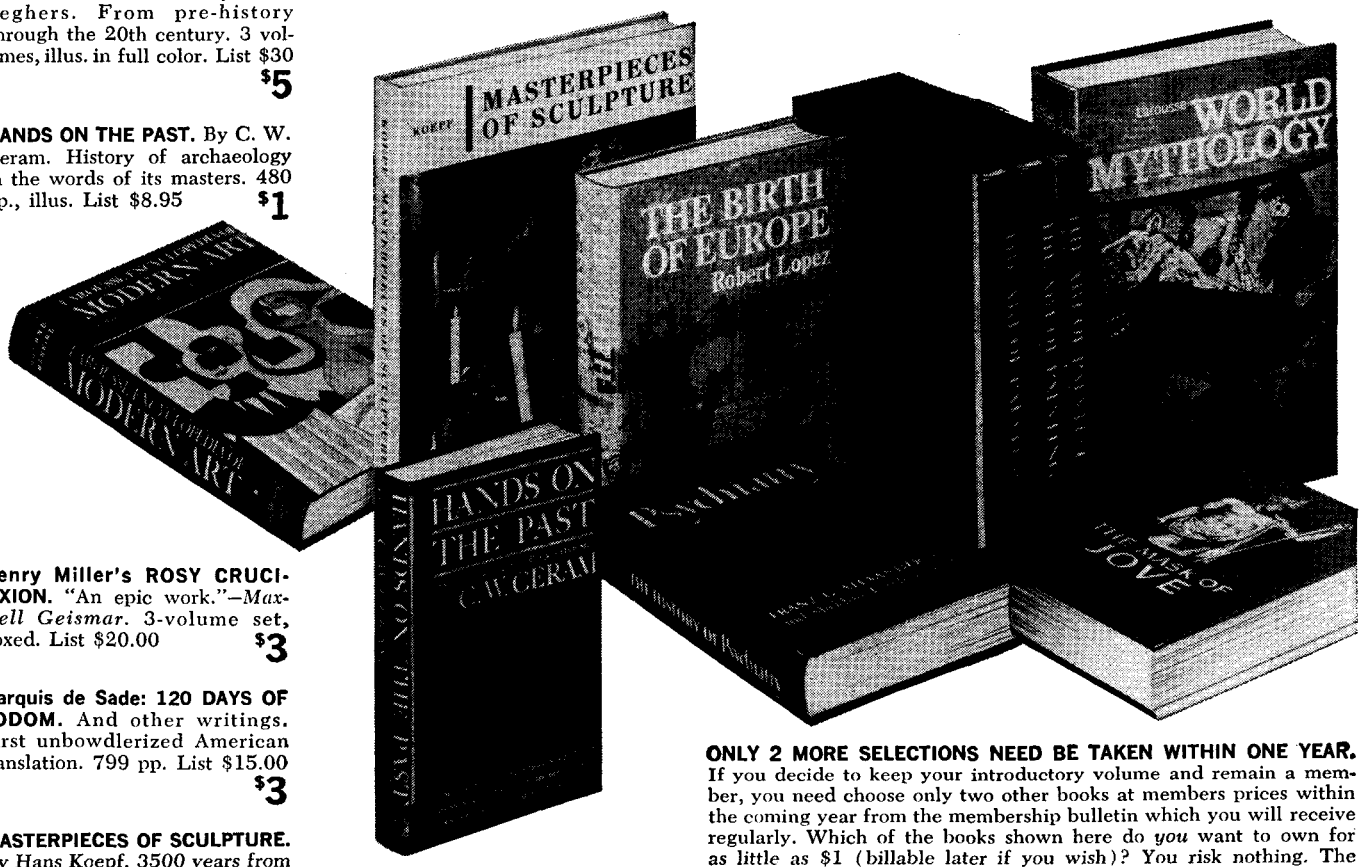

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out such a fine magazine. It's getting increasingly difficult to find publications which are liberal—and which continue to believe, with Max Ascoli, that no man can be truly liberal who does not oppose Marxist-Leninist totalitarianism and the spread thereof with as much vigor as he opposes Nazism, fascism, or any of the myriad totalitarianisms of the far Right.

ROBERT W. MCHENRY
Department of History
and Political Science
The Montgomery Junior College
Rockville, Maryland

"VIETNAM: WHY" *was published by* The Reporter *last September as a public service. A collection of comment and reports from the pages of the magazine during 1965-66, it drew so large a response that we have now gone back on press with it with a third printing. Orders for the $1.00 book have come from every state in the Union, and from abroad—a Swedish radio commentator, an Oxford don, an Athens businessman, among others. Many orders have come from officers and men in Vietnam, from government departments, students, lawyers, and professors.*

HOW BEAUFORT BUDGED

To the Editor: James K. Batten's "Title VI Disturbs the Moss of Beaufort" (*The Reporter*, January 12) was most perceptive and one of the best pieces I have seen for giving the general reader a feeling for the real meaning of Title VI of the 1964 Civil Rights Act, as opposed to the rhetoric that tends to be the sole available fare in the daily press.

Of course, sadly, Beaufort is not representative of South Carolina, or any part of the hard-core South so far as the progress being made in student desegregation. But then again, it is perhaps representative of the problems the other districts will be facing in the coming year as they pass beyond the very first token steps in desegregation.

DAVID S. SEELEY
Assistant Commissioner
Equal Educational Opportunities Program
Office of Education
Washington

'REPORTER' FICTION

To the Editor: Helen Hudson's "A Constant Caller" (*The Reporter*, January 12) was one of the most chilling stories I have read in a long time. And one of the most riveting. Please let's hear some more of Miss Hudson.

And while I'm about it, I may say that *The Reporter's* fiction is some of the best available in American magazines today. Other magazines tend to cleave to a more or less predictable set style of writing. *The Reporter* offers a fine variety of mood that is refreshing and delightful.

JOHN WILLIAMS
Chicago

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Chinoiserie

"Mao Tse-tung and Jackie are the two most inscrutable people I know," William Manchester told a reporter for the New York *Times* recently. We hadn't been aware that Mr. Manchester knew Mao Tse-tung, but we are not surprised. For several months now we have been trying to understand the Cultural Revolution in New York, and all along we have been gaining the impression that there was something very Chinese about it. Immediately after Mr. Manchester made his newest charges, Richard N. Goodwin put up a poster denouncing him for a "complete disregard of the truth." To be sure, it was at variance with numerous other posters put up by nameless spokesmen for both sides in recent weeks, and newsmen who have been reading the walls with interest believe it contained still another departure. Mr. Goodwin disclosed that Mr. Manchester's publisher, Harper & Row, had at one point characterized the book as "tasteless and gratuitously insulting" to President Johnson.

Mr. Manchester, in the tradition appropriate to cultural revolutions, seems earlier to have confessed to this. The "prejudice showed through," he wrote to Mrs. Kennedy. "This was cheap of me." More recently, however, he has reversed himself, avowing that "the book is not pathologically anti-LBJ. . . . I am distressed that there have been so many anti-Johnson stories attributed to the book." As any sinologist worthy of the name could tell you, there is solid precedent for this development. We are referring to our favorite episode in what we now think of as the Other Cultural Revolution. On January 14, Liu Shao-chi, the Chinese chief of state, announced that he was retracting his self-criticism of last October.

The virtue of the wall poster is that it can be papered over. Not so the bound volume, and in this respect Mr. Manchester at present is considerably better off than another littérateur who has recently run afoul of Mrs. Kennedy. Indeed, Paul B. Fay, the former Under Secretary of the Navy and the author of *The Pleasure of His Company,* a cheerful recollection of friendship, has immortalized his self-criticism. On that book's acknowledgment page, Mr. Fay expresses his gratitude to Senator Robert F. Kennedy "for providing immeasurable help in identifying aspects which if left unchanged because of my literary immaturity and political ineptness could have caused me humiliation and reflected improperly on his brother, the late President." The style was reminiscent of Madame Liu this time ("My mistakes were personally discovered and reversed by our great leader . . . .") but apparently it was not enough. Mrs. Kennedy, Fay has since further confessed, rejected his offer of some of the book's proceeds for the Kennedy Library on the grounds that she disapproved of the book and considered Mr. Fay's generosity "hypocritical."

For a while we considered that the charges and countercharges, the assertions and outright denials thereof, might be little more than an ambitious effort on the part of the Kennedy camp to lay claim to what is known as Credibility Gap. Now we aren't so sure. As elsewhere on this troubled globe, strange and powerful forces seem to be contending in Manhattan. For what, we do not know. Perhaps a watching outpost could be established nearby—near enough to receive defectors and big enough to house a Reuter's bureau. We suggest Hoboken.

The Littler Germany

The imminent establishment of full diplomatic relations between the German Federal Republic and the Communist governments of Romania, Hungary, and Czechoslovakia would have qualified as sensational a year ago—or even six months ago. Today, some two months after the formation of the grand coalition between Christian and Social Democrats and the subsequent reanimation of the Franco-German Friendship Treaty with its shared policy of building bridges toward Eastern Europe, it hardly generates the raising of an eyebrow. No more surprising to observers in Europe is the almost hysterical reaction of the East German régime that followed the Bonn announcement. In characteristically downright fashion, the East German spokesman exhorted the fraternal Socialist governments of Eastern Europe roundly to reject all overtures of the "revanchist," militaristic German state which "illegally" claims to represent the whole German people.

In the tortuously intricate equation of the German problem, there is, indeed, always this simple key question: who represents the German people? The Federal Republic claims the right to represent the whole German people; the German Democratic Republic claims the right to separate representation of approximately one quarter of the German people. The ominous thing about the establishment of diplomatic relations between Bonn and the Eastern European countries is that for the first time the two claims will be put to an open test. Not long ago, a West German diplomat traveling privately in East Germany had occasion to discuss the possibility of diplomatic relations between West Germany and Romania with an East German acquaintance. "Once you have established diplomatic relations," said the East German, "I shall go to Romania as a tourist, go straight to the West German embassy in Bucharest, and demand political asylum. What will you do then?" That is a rhetorical question, for one of the concessions

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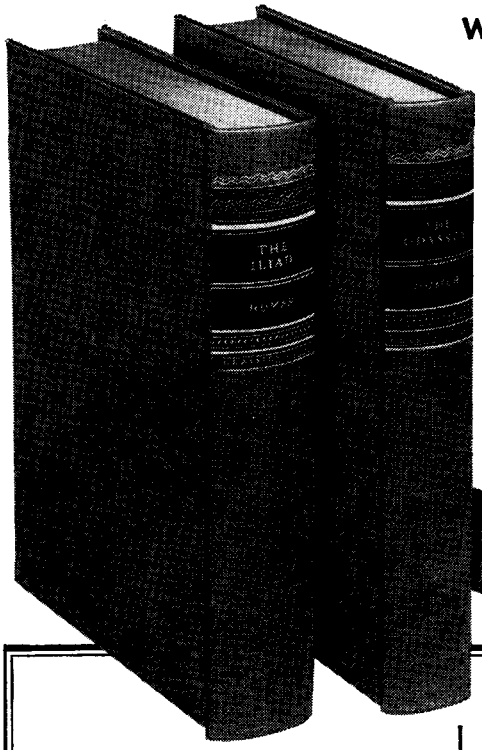

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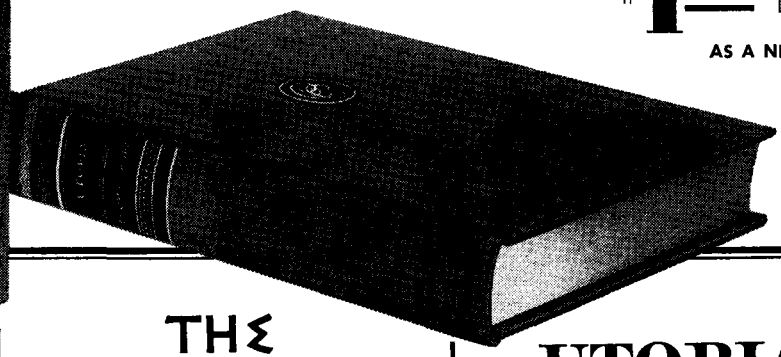

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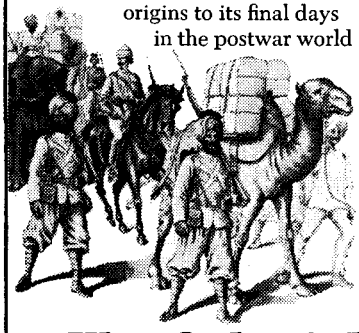

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that Bonn cannot conceivably make in the pursuit of its "eastern policy" would be the agreement to turn away supplicant East Germans from its doors in those countries where there are two German embassies. This is why the East German régime is so profoundly disturbed at the prospect of open and active competition with Bonn for the right of representing the German people. In this regard, the East German authorities last year ceased granting permission for private travel of East German citizens to the Soviet Union where there have long been two German embassies—both carefully guarded by Soviet police.

With Moscow so far showing no disposition to discourage its satellite states from building bridges to the West, the Ulbricht government more and more feels itself to be the odd man out. The January 26 issue of the government's Party organ, *Neues Deutschland*, announced in a headline: "No Unification is Possible Between Our Socialist Fatherland and the Capitalist Federal Republic." It was hardly a promising platform from which to compete with Bonn for the leadership of the German people.

Rule 22

For several months prior to the opening of the Ninetieth Congress, columnists and other assorted wise men in Washington had been speculating about Vice President Hubert Humphrey's predicament on the question of revising the Senate's rules. At issue was Rule 22, which holds that debate can be cut off in the Senate only by a vote of two-thirds of the members present and voting. Since 1953, with one exception, every newly convened Senate has had some sort of battle over this issue as Northern Democrats allied with numerous Republicans have sought to break the power of filibuster. The parliamentary complications are many but basically the question is this: is a two-thirds vote required to change the two-thirds rule? Rule 22's opponents have argued that under Article I, Section 5, of the Constitution, which grants both houses the right to draw up their own regulations, only a majority is needed.

While he was Senate Majority Leader, President Johnson put through some very modest changes in the rule, but generally he acted to prevent a major showdown on the issue—with ironic effect: it is the Vice President in the chair who must make the controversial ruling, and because Lyndon Johnson invariably spared Richard M. Nixon a parliamentary situation where he would actually have to rule, Nixon was free to issue "advisory opinions" that took the liberals' side but failed to inflame their Southern opponents because as "opinions" they had no binding force. This last fine point was not widely understood; thus, when Vice President Johnson himself failed to rule against the Southerners in 1963, he was loudly and unfavorably contrasted with Nixon, who was thought to have ruled in the Northerners' favor.

Humphrey and his advisers were not exactly unaware of the malicious glee with which pundits began to commiserate with him last fall and to wonder aloud whether Humphrey (himself an old opponent of Rule 22) would follow Johnson's precedent of 1963 or revert to the position taken by that great liberal, Nixon. Accordingly, they devised a scheme that was both ingenious and sound. Using parliamentary precedents enunciated by none other than Senator Richard B. Russell (on other matters), Humphrey let it be known that he would in effect grant a majority the right to cut off debate on the two-thirds rule. Despite the numerical strength of the Senate liberals and the exertions of certain of their number, they once again failed to work their will: they only mustered thirty-seven votes.

Why? A lot of reasons and contributing causes have been suggested. The only thing everyone seems agreed on is that the open opposition of the Democratic leadership—Mike Mansfield, Russell Long, and Robert Byrd—was decisive. They were allied with Minority Leader Everett Dirksen, who gathered votes so skillfully for the Southerners that few of those august gentlemen even bothered to speak. Some of the civil-rights and labor lobbyists who were doing the canvassing for the liberals now allege that the Humphrey plan was not

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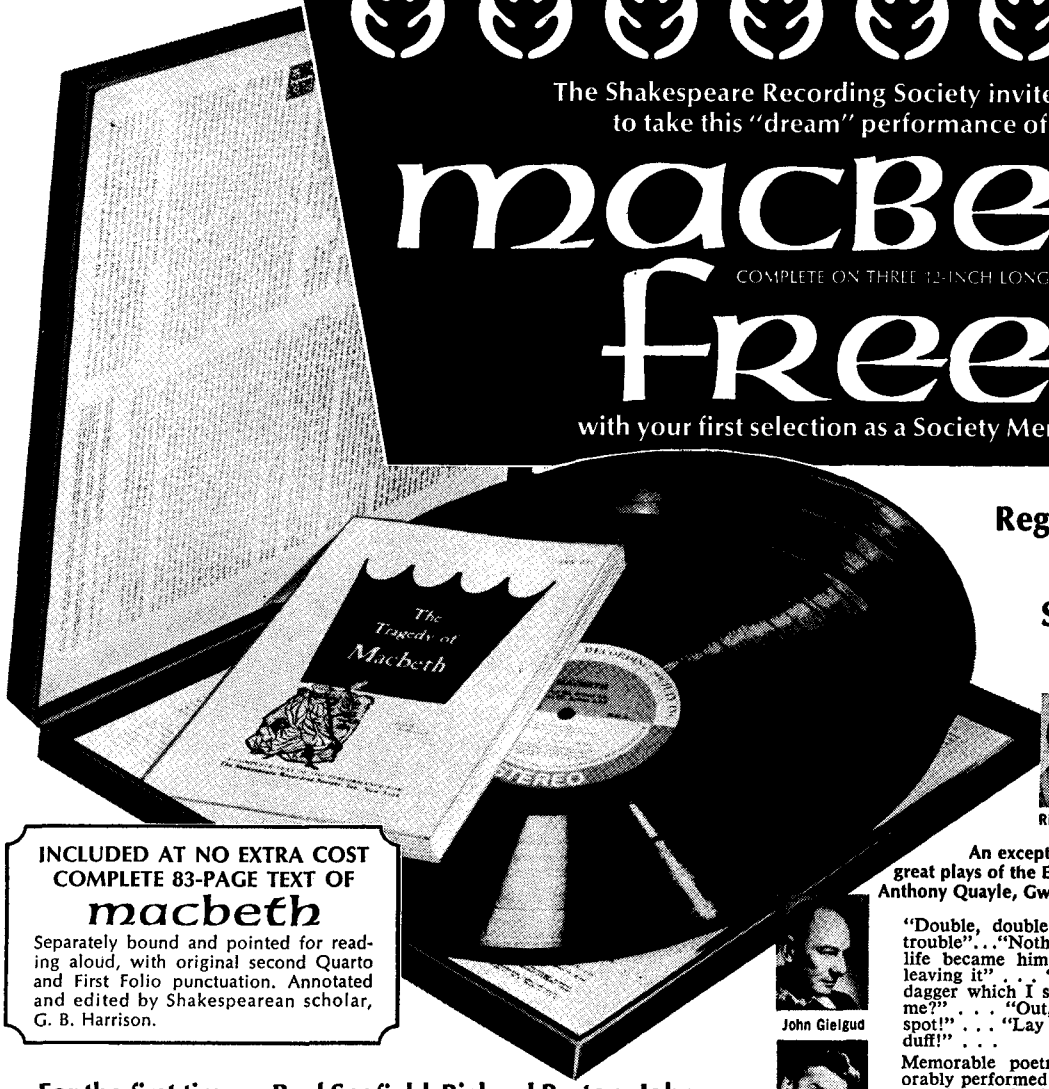

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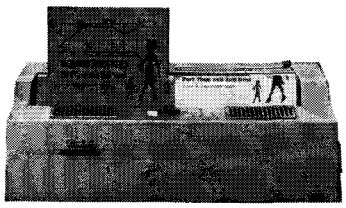

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"clear." The argument is a strange one, since it was apparently clear enough for them to report on the eve of the vote that they had fifty solid commitments to it. These evaporating liberal-labor votes are a peculiar feature these days.

In many ways, power within the Senate is based on a kind of capacity to negate, the power to block, delay, and finally reject. For this reason, the attack on Rule 22 goes to the heart of much held dear within the Senate, and prying loose votes to repeal the two-thirds rule has never been easy. Still, the bad count and the meager vote are a commentary also on the present political skills and organization of Democratic liberals in the Senate.

Shock Treatment

"Perhaps at long last," said Dan McIntosh, president of the student body at Berkeley, "we have found a way the university community can unite on common principles." McIntosh was as loudly cheered by the faculty members to whom he was speaking in the Student Union as he was by the students listening to the loudspeakers downstairs.

Like the New Left, Governor Reagan seems to have learned something from the uproar over the Board of Regents' dismissal of Clark Kerr as president of the University of California. After the board's action, he told a press conference that the next university president probably should be another scholar rather than an administrator and deplored the timing of Kerr's dismissal. Then, several days after the Berkeley faculty denounced Kerr's dismissal as "reckless and precipitate," the governor announced that he was postponing indefinitely the investigation of the university that he had promised during his campaign.

Whether a new president who is both first-rate and acceptable to the faculty can be found remains to be seen. On the answer to that question hangs not only the future of the university but the outcome of the first test of Reagan's ability to use the power that has accrued to him now that he has emerged from the make-believe world of Hollywood to the real world of governing the nation's most populous state.

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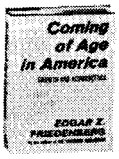

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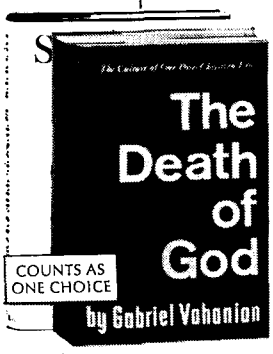

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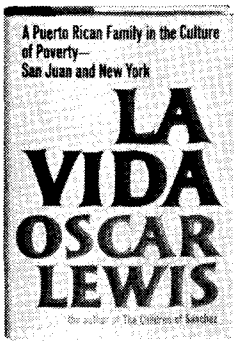

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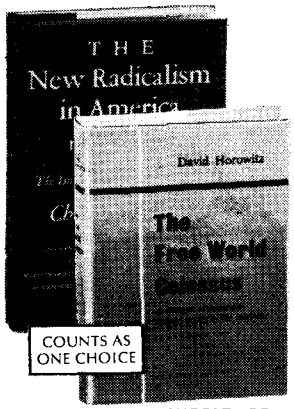

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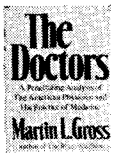

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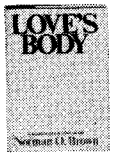

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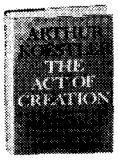

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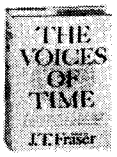

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THE REPORTER Puzzle

Acrostickler® No. 162

by HENRY ALLEN

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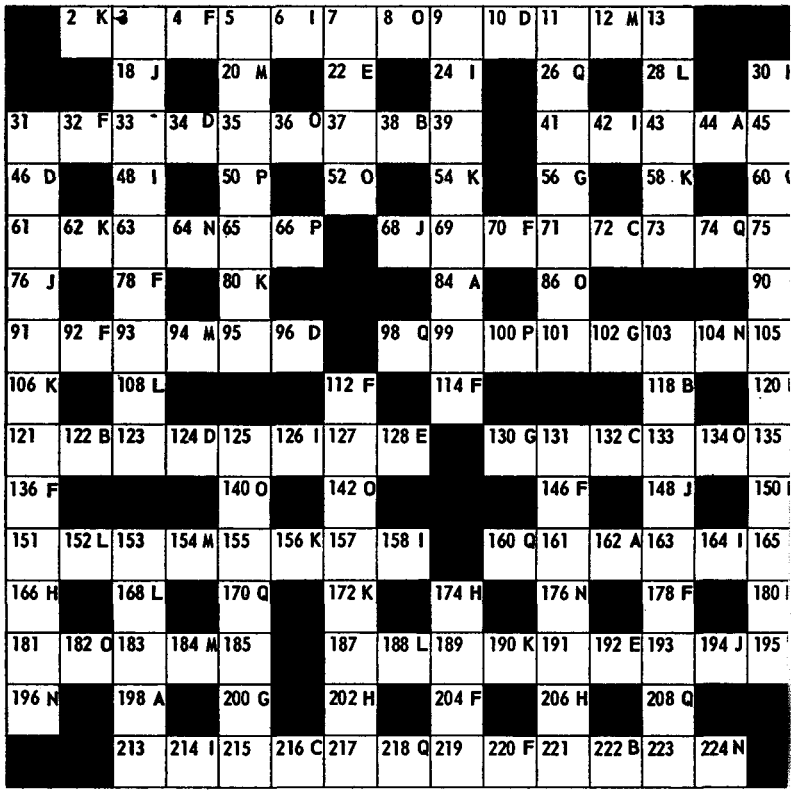
DIRECTIONS

1) Each crossword definition contains two clues. One is a conventional synonym; the other a pun, anagram, or play on words.
2) Letters from the acrostic should be transferred to the corresponding squares in the crossword, and vice versa.
3) The initial letters of the correct words in the acrostic will, when read down, spell out the name of a prominent person: the Acrostician.



A
162 84 198 44 "We know her____, her texture; she is given / In the dull catalogue of common things." Keats, "Lamia."

B
38 118 222 122 "For while the tired waves, vainly breaking, / Seem here no painful____ to gain." Clough, "Say Not, the Struggle Naught Availeth."

C
216 132 72 British colloquialism for Lord.

D
34 96 10 124 46 150 Said of type lines spaced out.

E
22 128 192 Famous Christian abbreviation (3 letters).

F
136 120 114 220 70 112 32 4 178 78 146 204 92 Subject of 121 across and 30 down.

G
200 130 56 102 When new, a confusing subject to present-day parents.

H
174 202 206 166 Poem by Tennyson.

I
126 48 6 164 158 214 42 24 90 An instrument for measuring density of fluids.

J
68 194 76 18 148 An English laborer.

K
2 80 156 172 58 106 190 62 54 30 California woodpecker.

L
188 168 108 28 152 180 Famous heiress.

M
20 154 94 12 184 Kind of day in the Church calendar.

N
176 64 196 104 224 "____about that." Catch phrase from television.

O
36 60 140 86 8 52 182 142 134 Bête noir of the Ides of April (3,6).

P
50 100 66 A newt.

Q
170 26 208 218 74 98 160 Procyon lotor.

ACROSS

2. They had no need for union suits.
31. Agricultural journey, perhaps (5,4).
41. Rod found in making the best taffy kisses.
61. Place to go to in the last extremis.
68. Characteristic of new SST design and of a kind of medicine (4,4).
91. Allow a bean, Al?
98. Kind of oil well where one may get his feet wet.
121. With 30 down, work of the Acrostician (3,5,2,1,9).
130. A.B.'s get upset in alum.
151. Housewife's aim of chamber decoration? (4,4).
160. Fresh sorrow we own isn't quite enough (3,3).
181. Weird in what happens without results.
187. A hot post at hand for such a copy.
213. Have an itch? (4,8).

DOWN

3. The 5 down government may say too much.
5. They are fled to form such an organization.
7. I'm tired with no point. It seems to soil.
9. Rebukes have a roof inside!
11. Rests at samplers.
13. The way up in the best aircraft.
30. See 121 across.
31. One far-over trend for great love (7,5).
103. Where I tell time during my duty period (2,2,5).
112. How to get hides when father has the only rabbits or the dance step of a dancer? (5,3).
125. It's the limit!
131. What a fibber does in a sticky situation (4,3).
153. Not in a foot, you know (3,2).
174. Tie up the first part of 151 across.

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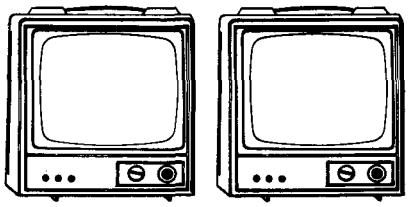
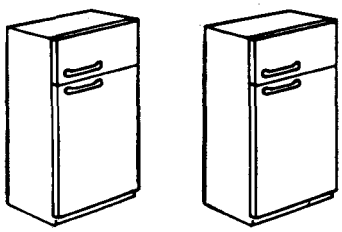
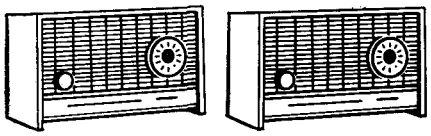
Which should you buy?



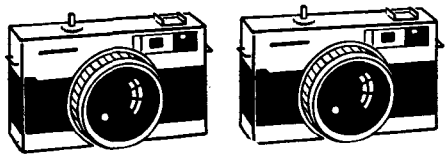
A 12-inch TV set priced at $89.95... **OR** another unit priced at $120.00?



A two-door refrigerator priced at an average of $244.85... **OR** another model priced at an average of $255.58?



An AM table radio priced at $11.98... **OR** another AM table radio priced at $27.95?



An instant-load camera priced at $54.95... **OR** another model priced at $71.98?

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- Of eleven two-door top-freezer manual-defrost refrigerators tested, the top-rated model had an average price of $244.85 while another similar model priced at $255.58 was rated at the bottom of the list.
- The AM table radio priced at $11.98 was judged better in overall quality than other models priced as high as $27.95 and was rated a "Best Buy." *(Possible saving: up to $15.97).*
- The instant-load autoexposure camera priced at $54.95 was rated above another model priced at $71.98. *(Possible saving: up to $17.03).*

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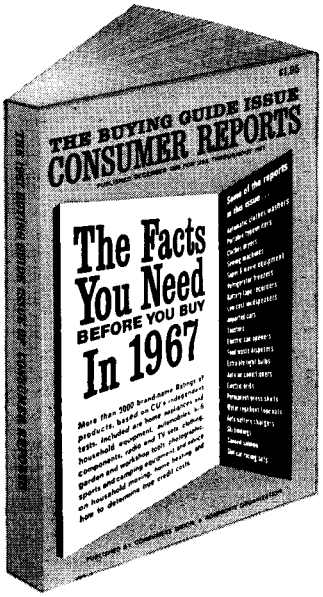

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Nasser's Drive for South Arabia

LAWRENCE MOSHER

NAJRAN, SAUDI ARABIA

ON THE NIGHT of September 26, 1962, a republican military coup expelled the Imam of Yemen from his capital of Sana and plunged the little country in the southwestern corner of the Arabian Peninsula into a chaotic civil war that is still unresolved. The revolution, carefully nurtured by Egypt's President Gamal Abdel Nasser, soon required Nasser's direct intervention. By December there were thirteen thousand Egyptian troops in Yemen. On December 19, three months before the Soviet-equipped Egyptian Army could even capture the central eastern towns of Marib and Harib, the United States recognized the new Yemeni Arab Republic. Four years later, as 1966 drew to a close, Egyptian forces in the country numbered fifty-five thousand, and the Yemeni royalists and republicans—not to mention their respective backers, Saudi Arabia and Egypt—were as far from reconciliation as ever.

Since the signing of the Jiddah peace agreement by Nasser and King Faisal of Saudi Arabia on August 24, 1965, the situation in royalist Yemen has gradually deteriorated. Faisal stopped supplying the royalists with arms, ammunition, and large cash payments. When their monthly allotments of bullets and money dwindled, the less loyal tribes began to grumble. In some of the more desolate royalist areas, a food shortage has developed. By late last fall the morale of the royalists in Yemen's northeast was poor, and control of the tribesmen by the royalist leaders was becoming increasingly uncertain.

Indeed, time may well be running out for the royalists. For while the stalemate in Yemen continued, a decision of profound importance to the Arabian Peninsula was taken in London. On February 22, 1966, the British Labour government announced that it would abandon its large military base at Aden in early 1968, just at the time when the Aden crown colony and the other member states of the South Arabian Federation were scheduled to merge into new and independent nationhood. The new country would be left without a defense treaty guaranteeing its survival, a stark departure from Britain's past decolonization practice.

Only a few months earlier, British officials had been describing the naval, air, and army complex in Aden as "vital and necessary" to the defense of the free world, to Commonwealth commitments in East Africa and the Far East, and to the protection of Western Europe's main source of oil in the Persian Gulf. With British military power gone by early next year, there will be little to stop Nasser from absorbing Aden into his "Arab Circle." Moving south from his present position of military strength in neighboring Yemen, he could destroy the South Arabian Federation or whatever other political entity Britain and a prospective United Nations mission might establish there this year. The tribal back country would then face the kind of chaos that now haunts Yemen in its fifth year of stalemated civil war.

In Aden itself, Egyptian-sponsored terrorism has already succeeding in turning Steamer Point, with its quaintly Victorian singsong Indo-African atmosphere, into a grim armed camp.

The Junking of Jiddah

The timing of Britain's decision to abandon the Aden area could not have been worse. Only a few months earlier, in the fall of 1965, there had been reason to believe that Nasser might keep the promise he made to

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Faisal in Jiddah on August 24 to withdraw his sixty thousand troops from Yemen. Nasser's army in Yemen, which was draining some $750,000 a day from his already overburdened economy, had been badly mauled during the royalist spring and summer offensive in the central and eastern highlands of the north and was in disorderly retreat. If Nasser had not won the cease-fire agreement in Jiddah, his near-mutinous expeditionary force, despite its tanks and bombers, might have collapsed under a general tribal uprising inspired by royalist success.

The Jiddah peace pact appeared to offer him a way out. In addition to an immediate cease-fire, it called for a national plebiscite to be held in Yemen no later than November 23, 1966. All Egyptian troops were to be withdrawn from Yemen before the plebiscite. A national conference of fifty Yemeni leaders drawn from all factions was to meet in November, 1965, to form an interim régime and organize the referendum. Saudi support to the royalists in money and arms would also cease. In short, the Yemenis themselves would decide whether they wanted to become an Egyptian-style Arab republic, revert to Imamic religious rule, or find a compromise between the two. Of course, staging a western ballot-box plebiscite among Yemen's predominantly tribal population of five million was impractical. But a consensus achieved in the Arab way through consultations beginning at the village level was possible. If the result produced a compromise solution—a government with a modern look under an Iman whose powers were restricted—Nasser could still claim that his three-year effort to "protect the revolution" had not failed, and the Saudi throne could rest easier with the Egyptian Army beyond the Red Sea.

In late October, 1965, Cairo's *Al Ahram* newspaper, which reflects the views of the Egyptian government, reported from Sana that Egypt's withdrawal plans had been completed. Indeed, Egyptian troops would begin leaving Yemen in December at the rate of ten thousand a month, the paper said. In February the Egyptian military headquarters would be moved from Sana to somewhere along the Communist Chinese-built road down the mountain to the port of Hodeida. By July, 1966, all the Egyptian Army would be gone, three months ahead of the Jiddah agreement's time limit, except for one brigade that would remain behind to help the joint Saudi-Egyptian military mission maintain order. Although the Egyptian military commander in Yemen said three days later that the *Al Ahram* story was "untrue and without any foundation whatever," the denial was not widely credited.

THERE IS little doubt now that when the Egyptians got wind of the British decision to quit Aden completely, the Jiddah agreement was quietly torn up in Cairo. Only a few hours after Defense Minister Denis Healey broke the news to the House of Commons on February 22, Nasser calmly informed the world, in a speech marking the eighth "anniversary" of his country's ill-starred merger with Syria (1958-1961), that

he would not withdraw his troops from Yemen until the revolution there could "defend itself against the conspiracies of imperialism and reactionaries." "We can stay in the Yemen one, two, or five years and can sacrifice ourselves because we believe in the Arab masses and the Arab revolution and the unity of the Arab struggle," he said. More to the point, however, was a remark dropped by Nasser's right-hand man, Field Marshal Abdel Hakim Amer, four days earlier in Sana during a speech to Egyptian and Yemeni republican officers: "Aden's independence and Britain's decision to evacuate the Aden base by 1968 are outstanding results of your battle in Yemen." Amer thus not only disclosed that Cairo had advance notice of the British decision but also suggested a new reason to keep the Egyptian forces in Yemen. This was to *ensure* Aden's "independence" by backing a Nasserist government there after the British withdrawal. The road from Taiz, Yemen's southern twin capital, to Aden is less than two hundred miles long. Although it is no Pennsylvania Turnpike—only the last twenty miles are paved—an Egyptian armored brigade could make the trip down the mountain in a few days. Troops and tanks could also be shipped from Hodeida, Yemen's Russian-built port on the Red Sea, around the tip of the peninsula to Aden in about the same time.

Further events during 1966 merely confirmed that Nasser had reassessed the Yemen problem. In early March his troop commanders in Yemen began a withdrawal from the north to redeploy around Sana, Taiz, and Hodeida. A large-scale troop-replacement program was effected and the total commitment was reduced to around fifty-five thousand men, while terrorism in Aden was stepped up through the Egyptian-financed National Liberation Front for the Occupied South, which operates from Taiz. In April Nasser's commander of land forces, Field Marshal Abdel Mohssen Kamel Mortaga, described the newly adopted standpat Egyptian policy in Yemen as "the long-breath strategy," which he said meant "the ability to withstand certain conditions in order to achieve an objective."

Meanwhile, on March 22 at a mass rally in Suez, Nasser threatened to attack the Saudi Arabian frontier towns of Jizan and Najran if the Saudis resumed using them as supply points for the royalist Yemenis. He said also that Egyptian troops in Yemen "would stay for twenty years" if necessary. Again, at a May Day rally in the Egyptian delta, Nasser threatened to occupy the two Saudi border towns, which were, he said, centers of infiltration into strife-torn Yemen. This last blast finally evoked a response from the United States based on President

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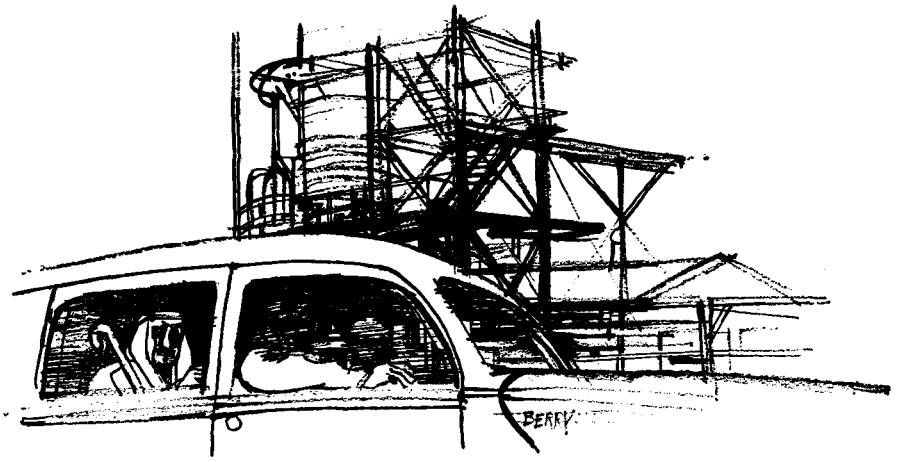
Kennedy's commitment to "the maintenance of Saudi Arabia's integrity" in a letter to Faisal on October 25, 1962. The response, from State Department spokesman Robert J. McCloskey to a newsman who asked for a comment, underlined the late President's pledge.

Readying a Response

Saudi Arabia's reaction to the British decision to withdraw from Aden was as prompt as Cairo's. With the ink hardly dry on a $420-million Anglo-American arms deal signed the previous December, Prince Sultan, Faisal's brother and Defense Minister, flew in February, 1966, to see President Johnson. The New York *Times* reported that Sultan carried an urgent request from Faisal for strong U.S. diplomatic and military backing, including American air power, if Egypt resumed the fighting in Yemen.

Prince Sultan apparently left Washington empty-handed. "I can state categorically," said a spokesman for the White House, "that the United States has not received from Saudi Arabia a special appeal for military assistance with regard to the Yemen." Prince Sultan's pressing need for arms became apparent later when the Saudis obtained a stopgap delivery of arms from Britain. Called Operation Magic Carpet, the deal produced four Hawker Hunter jet fighters, six Lightning supersonic interceptors, and thirty-seven surface-to-air Thunderbird missiles. The jets were hurriedly taken from the Royal Air Force and flown to Saudi Arabia in June. The missiles arrived at Jiddah on August 27 and became operational by November at Khamis Mushayt, a big airbase under construction ninety miles north of the border with Yemen.

Operation Magic Carpet was designed to give the Saudis a skeleton aerial defense force until the larger Anglo-American arms contract of December, 1965, was fulfilled. This contract provides for a British radar network starting at the Yemen border, about forty British Lightnings and thirty Jet Provost trainers, and some 160 American Hawk surface-to-air missiles. Airwork Services, Ltd., a private British concern, is in charge of the British side of the



operation, including the construction of the Khamis Mushayt airbase. The Raytheon Corporation is the prime contractor for the American missiles, which should become operational this year. The airbase was expected to be ready to receive aircraft by the end of 1966, despite innumerable delays caused by the inadequacy of Jiddah's small port.

The installation of the radar and communications systems, however, was still being delayed at the end of the year by disagreement on prices between the Saudis and the British supplier, British Aircraft Corporation. Khamis Mushayt will be virtually useless defensively until a radar warning system is installed on the Yemen border. The radar now at the base reaches only to the frontier and consequently does not give pilots enough time to intercept an attack on Jizan and Najran. The radar also reportedly has "holes" that would allow attacking Egyptian aircraft to approach the base undetected. Khamis Mushayt is perched on a 6,500-foot plateau, and radar units installed there cannot detect planes approaching at lower levels. But this situation was reportedly being remedied last December by the changing of emplacements.

THE LONG TIME needed to train the Saudis to operate their new defense apparatus could constitute one of the most difficult problems of the Anglo-American operation. A Saudi technician might well press the button that launches a missile, but it will take up to five years, according to a Raytheon spokesman, before the Saudis will be able to do all the jobs. Presumably this means that American technicians will be exposed to possible Egyptian attacks, particularly at Khamis Mushayt. For the British, however, the situation is much more delicate. British pilots will have to fly the jets, particularly the supersonic Lightnings, for some time before the Saudis are trained sufficiently to replace them. The pilots, mainly "retired" RAF officers, are hired by Airwork Services to teach the Saudis. But it is an open secret in Jiddah that they also have a combat contract with the Saudi government, just in case.

Indeed, if the new defense system had been ready, these pilots might have gone into action last October 14 when two Egyptian Ilyushin light bombers and a MIG fighter escort attacked Najran in the early morning, killing three children and an old man. Saudi anti-aircraft crews were asleep when the raid started. Egyptian planes also flew over Jizan on the Red Sea the same day. King Faisal, reluctant to admit that his government was still unable to defend its people, attempted to keep the bombing a secret. The Egyptians told Faisal, Britain, and the United States in private diplomatic exchanges that the bombing was "a mistake." Although the U.S. State Department quietly accepted this reply, the bombing was clearly no mistake.

Rounding Up the Republicans

Whatever lingering doubts remained about Egypt's determination to stay on in Yemen until Britain abandons the Aden base next year

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—they persisted in some quarters of the State Department—were quashed last September 16. That evening, in Cairo, Egyptian intelligence agents swooped in on a top-level meeting of the republican Yemen government being held at the home of Ahmed Noman, a former Premier of Yemen and a member of his government's seven-man Presidential Council. The Egyptians arrested sixteen of the group, including Premier Hassan al Amri, Noman, three other members of the Presidential Council, and two ministers. That same night, Radio Sana announced that republican President Abdullah Sallal had accepted the "resignation" of the Amri government and would form a new one. Sallal, who headed the military junta that toppled the Imamate in 1962, had returned to Sana from Egypt only the previous month after a ten-month absence.

Nasser's maneuver was a masterwork of Arab skulduggery that succeeded in nipping in the bud a growing rebellion among his "revolutionary" wards in republican Yemen. Premier Amri, long a republican hard-liner, had become irked over Egypt's pervasive control of his government's finances and foreign relations. This led to a rapprochement with Noman and other Yemini moderates who wanted to end the civil war by compromise with the royalists. These leaders had been trying for some time to make contact with the royalists, and in particular with Ahmed Shami, the royalist Foreign Minister, when the Egyptians rounded them up along with many other top republican civilian and military officials and flew them in a military plane to Cairo. For one week Amri and Noman attempted to see Nasser. Then they were arrested. The reaction of most of the royalist leaders to Cairo's incarceration of the republican moderates was "Good riddance!"

Following the eclipse of the Amri government, Sallal appointed himself his own Premier and formed a fourteen-member cabinet of totally servile Nasserites. During the remainder of last year he staged mass purges throughout republican Yemen, jailing hundreds and executing at least nine by machine gun in Sana's Tahrir Midan— Independence Square. Although these actions reportedly have inspired a new wave of anti-Egyptianism in republican Yemen, Nasser's fifty-five thousand troops remain in effective control of the cities, ports, and roads, and particularly the road that leads south to Aden.

Situation Hopeless?

When Britain quits Aden and the South Arabian Federation, it will leave behind a politically divided new country defended only by an embryonic tribal army. This force is now being expanded from five to ten battalions. With a special $15-million allocation promised by Britain last year, the present Federal Regular Army of four thousand hopes to acquire a second artillery battery of 25-pounders, a squadron of armored cars, eight Jet Provost trainers (with fighting capability), four DC-3 transports, six L-20 reconnaissance planes, six helicopters, and two small patrol craft. Thus a tiny force of questionable and tribally distracted loyalties will be all that faces Nasser's bombers, MIG jets, tanks, and formidable regular army in Yemen.

One of the major security problems facing this minute army of the new state will be the labor force in Aden itself. One-third of the port's 230,000 non-European inhabitants are Yemeni workers. These are descendants of a long line of Yemenis who give living reality to the tradition that Aden is "the eye of Yemen." South Yemen has depended on trade through Aden for centuries. The income from its migrant sons is important to all the country. Yemenis working in Aden also account for the political chaos that now exists there. Excluded from the franchise, they nonetheless have an effective base for political action in the Aden Trades Union Congress, which has steadily fought Britain's determination to merge relatively sophisticated Aden with the tribal back country in federation. After the merger in 1963, which British officials rammed through the Aden council after half the elected members walked out, the TUC turned to terrorism financed from Cairo. Nationalist passions were further whetted by the revolution in Yemen.

When the Aden legislative council's speaker, Sir Arthur Charles, was murdered on September 1, 1965, Britain suspended the Aden state government following the Chief Minister's refusal to denounce terrorism. Three months later the Chief Minister and the TUC's secretary-general left Aden to assume the leadership of an expanded Liberation Front based in Yemen. There has been no attempt to form a new Aden government since.

The situation in Aden now appears to be virtually hopeless. An officer in Britain's Middle East Command headquarters explained last fall: "We are just trying to get away from here without having any more soldiers killed than we can possibly avoid." As of the end of 1966, eighty-six persons had been killed since the terror began in December, 1963. An English civil servant experienced with Aden's political malaise said: "The U.K. is now prepared to leave a façade Adeni government and run. There is a minority of British officials here who think the United Nations is the best solution, mainly to spread the blame." But no one really thinks the U.N. can help.

ONE WAY to buy time for South Arabia to come to terms with itself after Britain leaves would be for Faisal to resume the war in Yemen. Indeed, after Sallal's purge of the republican government last fall, arguments were brought to bear for this course of action. During the Ramadan fasting period in mid-December, Seif al Islam al Hassan, one of the royalists' most venerable leaders, flew from his fortress headquarters in Yemen to the Saudi capital to seek Faisal's backing for a royalist offensive that would take advantage of the rapidly mounting republican defections. There were indications at the time that the Egyptians could be forced out of Sana if their road communications to the Red Sea port of Hodeida were seriously challenged. But the Riyadh talks reportedly ended inconclusively. King Faisal, always cautious, continued to procrastinate, and in recent weeks Nasser, well aware of his increasingly precarious position in Yemen, has instigated a series of terrorist bombing incidents in Saudi Arabia, hoping to give Faisal still further pause.

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The Aging Lion of Judah

CLAIRE STERLING

ADDIS ABABA

IN THE COURSE of his long reign, the Emperor Haile Selassie has shown a rare gift for diplomacy and politics. Raised in a closed medieval society, he came to the Ethiopian throne knowing little of the world. Yet he emerged from his mountain wilderness to become the League of Nations' conscience when Mussolini invaded his country, and he built a unified state from a jumble of feudal baronies, brought it to the threshold of modernity, and induced thirty-odd African states to make its capital the headquarters of the Organization for African Unity (OAU). Now in the fifty-first year of his rule, first as Regent and then as Emperor, he is at last facing an opponent he cannot seduce, cajole, or outwit: time.

Some say he has already had more than enough time. But Ethiopia is still among Africa's most backward states. Barely five per cent of its twenty-two million inhabitants can read and write, about three per cent of its children go to school, only two adults in a thousand read newspapers compared to eight in Nigeria and thirty-two in Ghana, nine out of ten Ethiopians live beyond a day's journey on foot or mule to the nearest village, four out of five villages have no access to a road, and the per capita income is $50 a year.

The record looks all the worse because this country has many advantages over most of its neighbors. The Ethiopians are a pious and hard-working people with a rich ancient culture. They have ten times as much arable land as they can use, abundant water, and a marvelous climate. Extensive deposits of gold, platinum, and potash lie in the subsoil, and a nearly limitless supply of what would be the world's best coffee grows wild in the highlands.

The Emperor's Pace

What Ethiopia does not have, however, is the benefit of an experience common to the rest of Black Africa: it has never been colonized. Ordinarily, Africans who have gone through that experience would not wish it on anybody. Nevertheless, after a visit to Addis Ababa, some would. One, visiting from a former French colony, asked his guide why sewage still ran in open gutters through the national capital. On being told that no one had thought of building closed sewers because the city's steep hills provided natural drainage, he murmured, "May God forgive me for saying, 'Thank God for the French!'"

Whatever their motives, the colonial nations built some sort of transport and communications network in their colonies, installed drains (here and there), opened schools, trained civil servants, and left a provocative sampling of western material comforts behind. The Ethiopians, proudly independent for three thousand years (the Italian military occupation lasted only six years and made no dent), have practically had to do it all on their own.

Not that they have lacked for help. Assistance has been offered from every side and especially from the United States, which has contributed a total of $313 million since 1946. The Pentagon, relying on a highly sophisticated telecommunications center at Kagnew Station here for contact with South Vietnam and military outposts throughout the world, would go much further to keep the Ethiopians healthy and happy. But there has been no question of the Americans or anyone else moving in and taking over. Decisions in this country are made by one man alone: His Imperial Majesty, King of Kings and Elect of God, whose powers are hardly less absolute than those of King Solomon and the Queen of Sheba, from whom he is said to be descended.

Haile Selassie has proceeded at what his admirers call a statesmanlike pace. While his critics use less flattering adjectives, the pace seemed quite suitable until 1960. About half the people who count here politically (those in the imperial court and the Coptic Church) have found it too fast and the other half (younger army officers and the intelligentsia) have found it too slow—a perfect balance for a monarch who could not possibly satisfy all his subjects. In fact, it is mostly because he has always managed to stand at the exact center of his country's power structure that Haile Selassie has ruled

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longer than anyone anywhere in our time. But the center has been shifting constantly since he set out to modernize his country, and at seventy-four he is not as supple as he used to be.

To a casual visitor, there would appear to be no ripple of discontent here. But then, political parties do not exist, public demonstrations are held only to honor the Emperor, newspapers print nothing disapproved by the court, censorship is so strict that a recent production of *Julius Caesar* tactfully omitted the murder of Caesar, and published works on Ethiopia, as a local student observed, are either boring or banned. Furthermore, such malcontents as there may be are generally silenced before they get much of an audience, if only in the most elegant manner: depending on their rank and potential influence, they are either rusticated, given a title, appointed to the Senate, promoted, or sent as ambassadors to some remote capital. All the same, the Emperor has had a dangerous opposition to deal with since 1960, when his chief of staff, backed by high officers of the Imperial Guard and the so-called young elite, nearly finished him off. While he has executed the revolt's leaders, its causes remain.

Having set a large-scale social revolution in motion, he could hardly have expected any other results. When he became Regent in 1916, the automobile was unknown in his country except for a few cars in the royal family's converted stables, Addis Ababa was a malodorous village of tin-roofed mud cottages with no electricity, and in all Ethiopia there were only two schools with a couple of dozen students. Although the automobile is none too familiar even yet (there are twenty-nine thousand registered motor vehicles), Addis Ababa today is a comfortable modern city by African standards—open drains notwithstanding—and has a population of half a million, several good hotels, up-to-date communications, an efficient airline service, and a flourishing university.

More important, Addis Ababa has become the Black Continent's capital. Headquarters of the United Nations Economic Commission for Africa (ECA) since 1958 and of the OAU since the founding summit meeting of 1963, the city plays host to African heads of state and distinguished visitors from all over the globe. As far as prestige and security go, the presence of these two international bodies has been invaluable. Ethiopia, historically isolated and devoutly Christian (its Coptic Church is connected with the Alexandrian branch of Christianity), had always lived in fear of its Arab Moslem neighbors. The fear became obsessive when Nasser appeared on the scene in the 1950's, casting a predatory eye on the Horn of Africa (Somalia, the Sudan, and Ethiopia) as well as the Middle East.

A Matter of Priorities

With the wind of change blowing strongly across the continent—apparently in Nasser's direction—the Emperor realized he could no longer afford to stand aloof. Although Ethiopians had never felt themselves part of Africa, he decided to join it.

First he invited the ECA to Addis Ababa, offering a new $1.75-million building to house it. As a U.N. charter member free of any colonial taint, Ethiopia could hardly be turned down. Then the Emperor moved toward his own continent with a skill that any diplomatist might envy. An alien to most African leaders and a monument of royalist reaction to the radicals among them, he dazzled, bought, or outtalked them all, Nasser included. The OAU thus came into being under his auspices. In a single stroke, he hobbled his country's worst enemy and become the supreme arbiter for emerging Africa. It was his crowning achievement.

With foreigners flocking into his capital, however, the Emperor's subjects were suddenly able to see themselves as others saw them: an antiquated nation far behind some of the continent's fledglings. The discovery has been particularly humiliating for the younger educated Ethiopians, fifteen thousand of whom are university graduates. They are no longer the pampered little band that could be consoled with plush jobs at court. Idle for the most part, their pride hurt and their knowledge wasted, they are rapidly losing a loyalty that used to be unquestioned. "I have nothing against my Emperor," one told me, "except that his political and economic concepts date back to 1900."

A good many older Ethiopians fail to see why that is so bad. Antiquated or not, they point out, the monarchy has brought many years of stability and kept the country out of the hands of international bailiffs. That is certainly more than might be said for the rest of Black Africa, where governments come and go with depressing regularity and always hover on the brink of bankruptcy. Still, even the older generation is beginning to realize that His Imperial Majesty would do well to quicken his statesmanlike pace.

His failure to do that has baffled and often exasperated his well-wishers. Ethiopians may be poor individually, but their government isn't, or needn't be. It has $79 million in gold and and foreign-currency reserves, a superlative credit rating, and so few outstanding debts that they could easily be tripled without causing the slightest financial flutter. If the Emperor accepted the international loans he could have for the asking, he would have little trouble pushing up a growth rate officially put at 2.5 per cent but actually closer to one per cent. If the money were spent only on feeder roads, coffee production could rise by six hundred per cent or more. For every mile of new road, a thousand more tons of coffee beans could be plucked from the trees and shipped to market; and since coffee accounts for more than half the nation's export earnings, such roads would pay for themselves in short order. Yet they are not being built—at any rate not enough of them—nor are numerous other useful projects being undertaken. The government, as one realizes on becoming familiar with the high-button-shoe atmosphere in its ministries, does not approve of deficit financing.

Neither does it approve of other proposals, less daring doctrinally and just as practical. While eighty per cent of the nation's manpower is employed in agriculture, for instance, only $4 million—2.5 per cent of the budget—is allocated to the agricultural sector, whereas ten times as much goes to the armed forces. In a country whose peasants still use the farm implements of Biblical days, a few percentage

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points' increase for the farmers at the expense of the army could make an appreciable difference in productivity. This year's budget, however, provides for a decrease in agricultural spending and an increase for defense.

This is not just a matter of mentality but of priorities. There has never been much doubt that, given a choice between improving the lot of his poverty-stricken countrymen and defending the nation's territorial integrity, the Emperor would let his countrymen wait; and no doubt most of them would agree with him. The warrior's instinct still runs strong here, as it must. To the north are not only Nasser and his fellow Arab nationalists, watching and waiting, but armed bands of Eritrean terrorists who have been fighting for independence since Eritrea was incorporated into Ethiopia in 1962. To the east is the Ogaden desert, where half a million Somali nomads wander and irredentist irregulars, armed by Somalia, have been making weekly raids since Somalia became independent in 1960. To the south along the Kenya border, other marauders, also armed by Somalia, roam the countryside for loot. Plainly, the Emperor needs his forty-thousand-man army and air force. Lately, however, he has needed them for reasons having nothing to do with territorial integrity. For he has been unable to trust his own people since 1960.

The Coup of the Future

Attempted coups may be commonplace in younger and smaller countries, but the attempt on Ethiopia's throne was an event of extraordinary gravity. Next to his church, toward which he shows blind fealty, the average Ethiopian stands in reverential awe of his Emperor. That Haile Selassie's trusted chief of staff —one of three men with unrestricted access to the imperial bedchamber—could have plotted to overthrow him can only reflect deep-seated and widespread distress. The coup failed, partly because it was badly planned but mostly because of the Emperor's cool courage in returning from abroad and riding through the streets of the capital (with an American colonel driving a jeep before him) to his palace. But the next attempt may be better planned.

Most observers feel that another attempt is bound to come. It was expected during last November's OAU summit meeting here when General Tedessa, deputy commander of the Territorial Army, was said to be mobilizing his Galla tribesmen for the move. Stories emanating from the palace suggested that this was

merely a tribal quarrel: the Gallas, representing about half the population, supposedly wanted a larger share of the influential posts held by the Emperor's own Amhara tribesmen. The Gallas themselves point out, however, that they have people in many influential posts, from the ministries and Senate to the palace and the army. Evidently, General Tedessa had more complex motives. But he is no longer around to explain them. Placed under preventive arrest, he has dropped from sight.

Time appears to be running out for the Emperor in more ways than one. The question is not just how many years may be left to him but whether, in the years remaining, elderly caution can prevail over youthful impatience. The young elite is still formless and leaderless. But it already has its martyrs, the organizers of the 1960 revolt, and it gets more outspoken every day. The Emperor might head off trouble by meeting the young generation halfway: borrowing substantial sums abroad, accelerating the growth rate, reforming an archaic land-tenure system, launching a crash program of education. In that event, though, he might run into trouble in the other direction. His landowning noblemen are no patrons of progress; and the Ethiopian Coptic Church, second only to the Emperor as a landholder and inexorable in its stern religious claims, has consistently opposed any move to educate the peasantry or otherwise change the nation's way of life.

IN ANY EVENT, there are no signs of an alteration in His Majesty's plans. He reportedly wants at least another decade to complete his work. By the late 1970's, according to his timetable, Ethiopia should have an adequate school system, social security, several new small and medium-sized industries, developed potash fields bringing in $40 million annually, and a Parliament that —starting only now to enjoy a semblance of authentic debate—will have reached full independence under the crown. That done, the crown could safely pass to Prince Asfa Wossen, the heir-designate though no favorite of his father's since acting as a puppet for the 1960 rebels. Asfa would presumably reign as a constitutional rather than an absolute monarch.

Since political arrangements do not often work out so neatly, even the indomitable Haile Selassie may not make it. But a lot of people, though not uncritical of his domestic performance, hope that he will. So long as he remains on the throne, Ethiopia and its excellent army will be a sturdy shield against Nasser; and with Nasser's fifty-five thousand troops poised just across the Red Sea in Yemen, doubtless anxious to move into Aden when it becomes independent next year, there will be no other shield protecting the Horn of Africa.

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If you don't know much about airlines
follow somebody who does.

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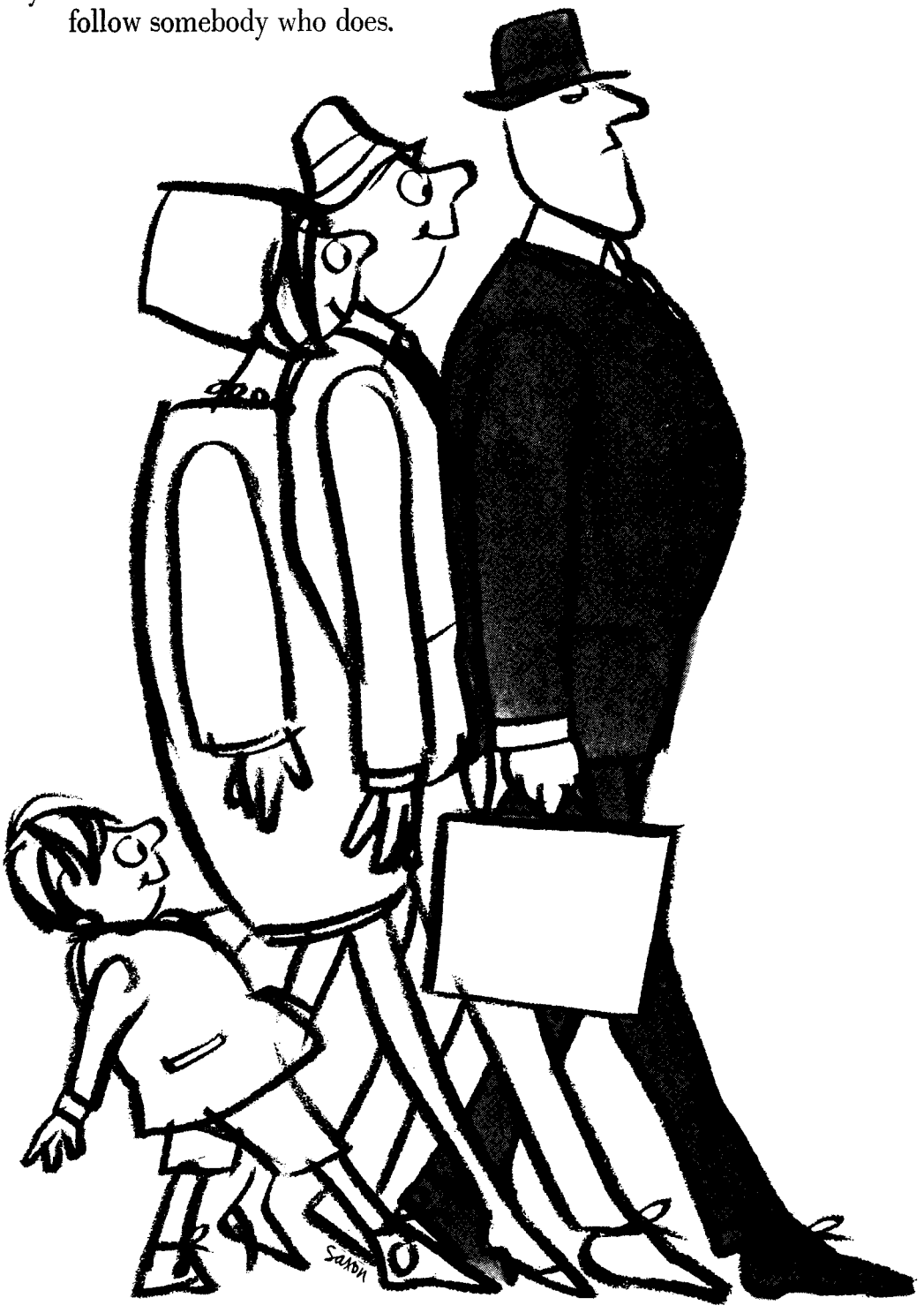

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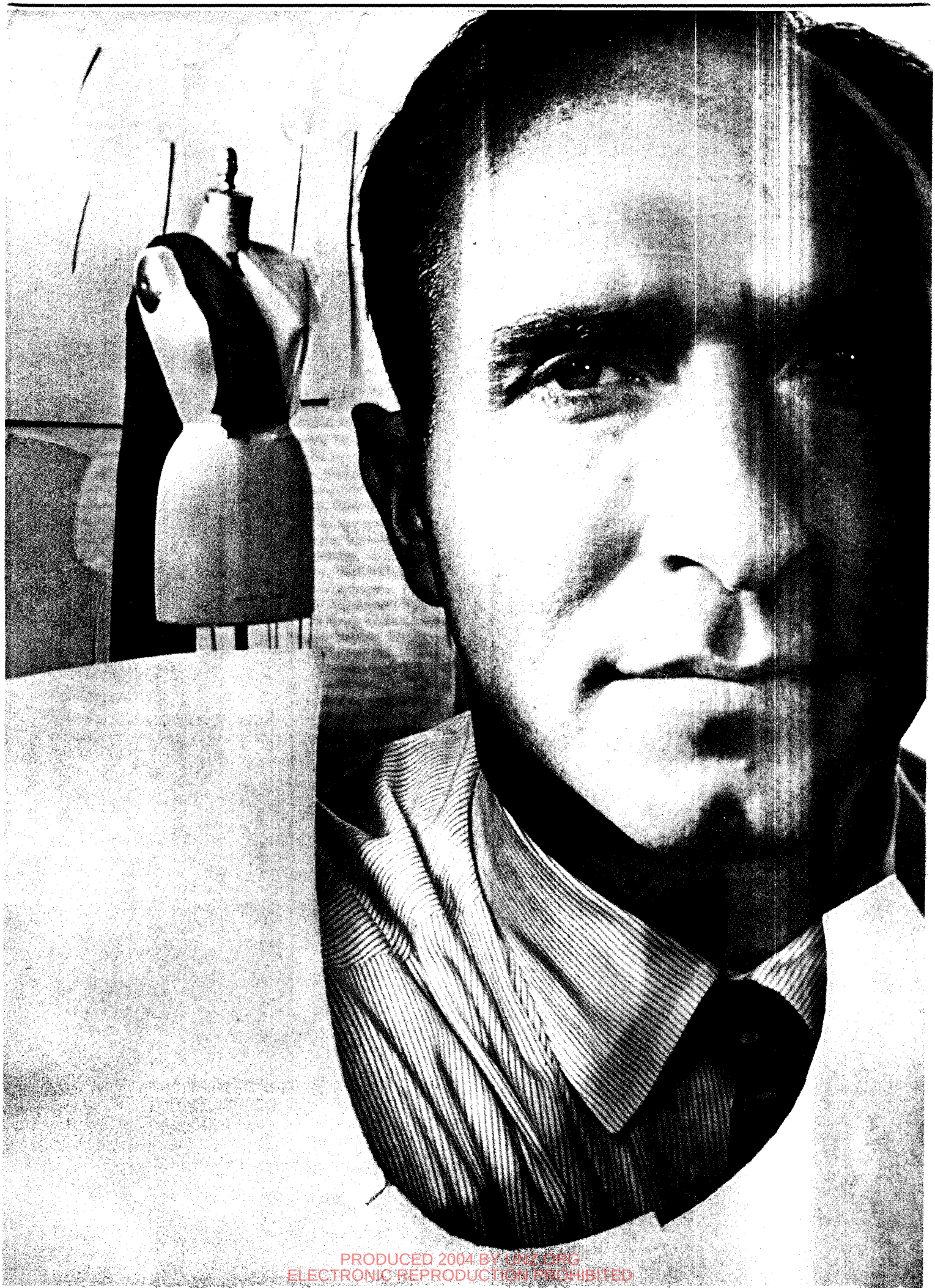

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This man wants every dress marked size 9 to fit like a 9.

What's he doing at IBM?

Robert White found a way to use an IBM computer to remedy one of shopping's persistent little annoyances. You find a rack of dresses marked your size—only, when you try them on, some fit well, some don't.

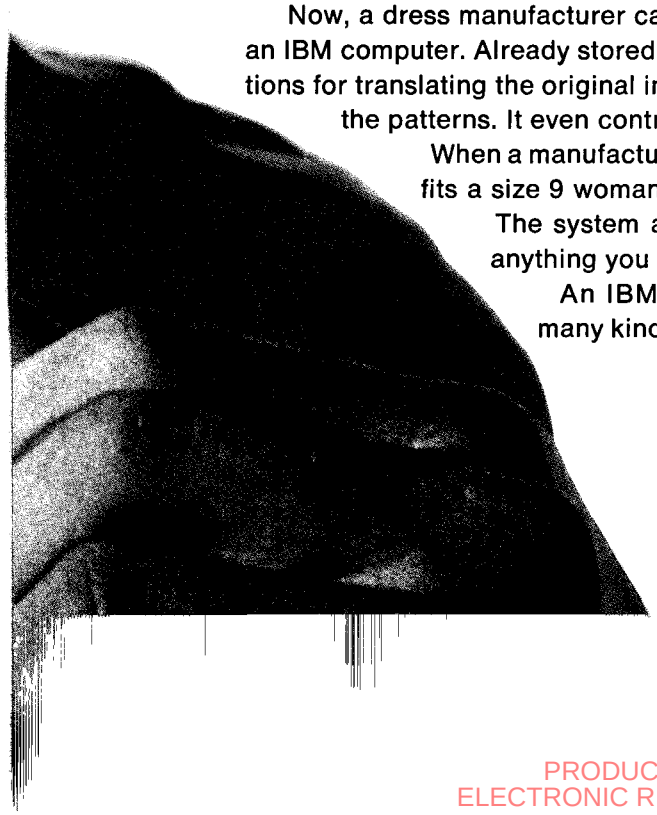
One reason is that dresses are designed on a dummy in one size, then scaled up to larger sizes, and down to the smaller ones. It sounds easy, but transposing the fine lines that give a dress style is made complicated by an inescapable fact of life. The human body doesn't scale up and down in proportion.

Usually, thousands of patterns have to be calculated, drawn and cut out by hand for each new line of dresses. Errors can crop up, and a dress that fits the dummy's size to a T may end up fitting you like a lump.

Now, a dress manufacturer can feed the original measurements into an IBM computer. Already stored in the computer's memory are instructions for translating the original into other sizes. The computer plots out the patterns. It even controls a tool that cuts them in cardboard. When a manufacturer follows these cutouts, a size 9 dress fits a size 9 woman as the designer intended.

The system also works for men's suits. In fact, for anything you wear.

An IBM system exists to help people solve many kinds of problems—in all sizes and shapes.



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The World Shrinker.

Again this month, television brings within reach the four corners of the world. You'll tour London after dark with David Frost and Paris with Maurice Chevalier. James Mason will guide you through Westminster Abbey and you'll discover Alaska's wonders with an American family. Look eastward for a day with a typical Russian family and a study of America's involvements in Indonesia.

From Europe, too, there'll be a festival of films for children. And from Paris (aided by satellite) the world's greatest showing of Picasso's works. Join a transatlantic concert tour with the Casadesus family and come home to Philharmonic Hall for a Charles Ives symphony.

Let the shrinker expand your world this February.

Abe Lincoln in Illinois
Hallmark Hall of Fame: Jason Robards, Jr. stars in Robert Sherwood's Pulitzer Prize-winning play. Thursday, Feb. 2 (9:30-11 pm).

David Frost's Night Out in London
Stage 67: Frost tours London with Laurence Olivier, Peter Sellers, Albert Finney. Thursday, Feb. 2 (10-11 pm).

Skinny and Fatty
The Children's Film Festival: Story of two boys who help each other mature. Sunday, Feb. 5 (4-5 pm).

Pablo Picasso
The largest exhibition of Picasso's works, including auction of one of his paintings. Sunday, Feb. 5 (6:30-7:30 pm).

Alaska!
National Geographic Society follows a family traveling throughout Alaska. Tuesday, Feb. 7 (7:30-8:30 pm).

The Light Fantastic
Stage 67: Lauren Bacall and John Forsythe in a look at American history reflected in dances. Thursday, Feb. 9 (10-11 pm).

Casadesus: The First Family of the Piano
Bell Telephone Hour: Husband, wife and son play in concert and in rehearsal. Sunday, Feb. 12 (6:30-7:30 pm).

Pinocchio
An original musical adaptation by the Prince Street Players, Ltd. Monday, Feb. 13 (7:30-8:30 pm).

Hall of Kings
James Mason narrates documentary on Westminster Abbey, with Siobhan McKenna, Lynn Redgrave, Emlyn Williams. Tuesday, Feb. 14 (10-11 pm).

NBC Experiment in Television
"Losers Weepers": An original play written by Harry Dolan, of Watts, Los Angeles, about strife in a Negro family plagued by poverty and disease. Sunday, Feb. 19 (4-5 pm).

Indonesia: The Troubled Victory
Third and final chapter of NBC News' study of our involvement in the Far East. Sunday, Feb. 19 (6:30-7:30 pm).

New York Philharmonic Young People's Concerts with Leonard Bernstein
Featuring Charles Ives' *Symphony: Holidays.* Thursday, Feb. 23 (7:30-8:30 pm).

C'est La Vie
Stage 67: A musical review filmed in Paris with Diahann Carroll and Maurice Chevalier. Thursday, Feb. 23 (10-11 pm).

The Song Makers
Documentary on America's most famous and popular song makers. Friday, Feb. 24 (10-11 pm).

Capella Paolina
A detailed examination of two Michelangelo frescoes. Sunday, Feb. 26 (10-11 am).

The Golden Fish
The Children's Film Festival: Jacques-Yves Cousteau's award-winning film. Sunday, Feb. 26 (4-5 pm).

International Jazz Festival
Bell Telephone Hour. Sunday, Feb. 26 (6:30-7:30 pm).

Jack and the Beanstalk
Gene Kelly and Bobby Riha in a new musical version of the fairy tale. Sunday, Feb. 26 (7:30-8:30 pm).

Ivan Ivanovich
Documentary depicting the life of an average Russian family. Monday, Feb. 27 (10-11 pm).

Regularly Scheduled Programs
Monday through Friday:
Captain Kangaroo/Today/Sunrise Semester

Tuesdays:
CBS News Hour

Thursdays:
ABC Stage 67

Saturdays:
Captain Kangaroo/Sunrise Semester/The Smithsonian/Animal Secrets/Wide World of Sports/Vietnam Weekly Review/Shell's Wonderful World of Golf/CBS Golf Classic/ABC Scope: The War in Vietnam.

Sundays:
Lamp Unto My Feet/Look Up and Live/Directions/Bullwinkle/Camera Three/Discovery/Face the Nation/Meet The Press/Frontiers of Faith/Issues and Answers/CBS Sports Spectacular/NBA Basketball/Wild Kingdom/The CBS Children's Film Festival/College Bowl/The Frank McGee Report/The 21st Century/Walt Disney's Wonderful World of Color.

Note: This is, necessarily, a partial listing. Time (NYT), titles and casts of these national programs are subject to change. Please consult your station listings; check also for noteworthy local programs.

Television Information Office
745 Fifth Avenue, New York 10022

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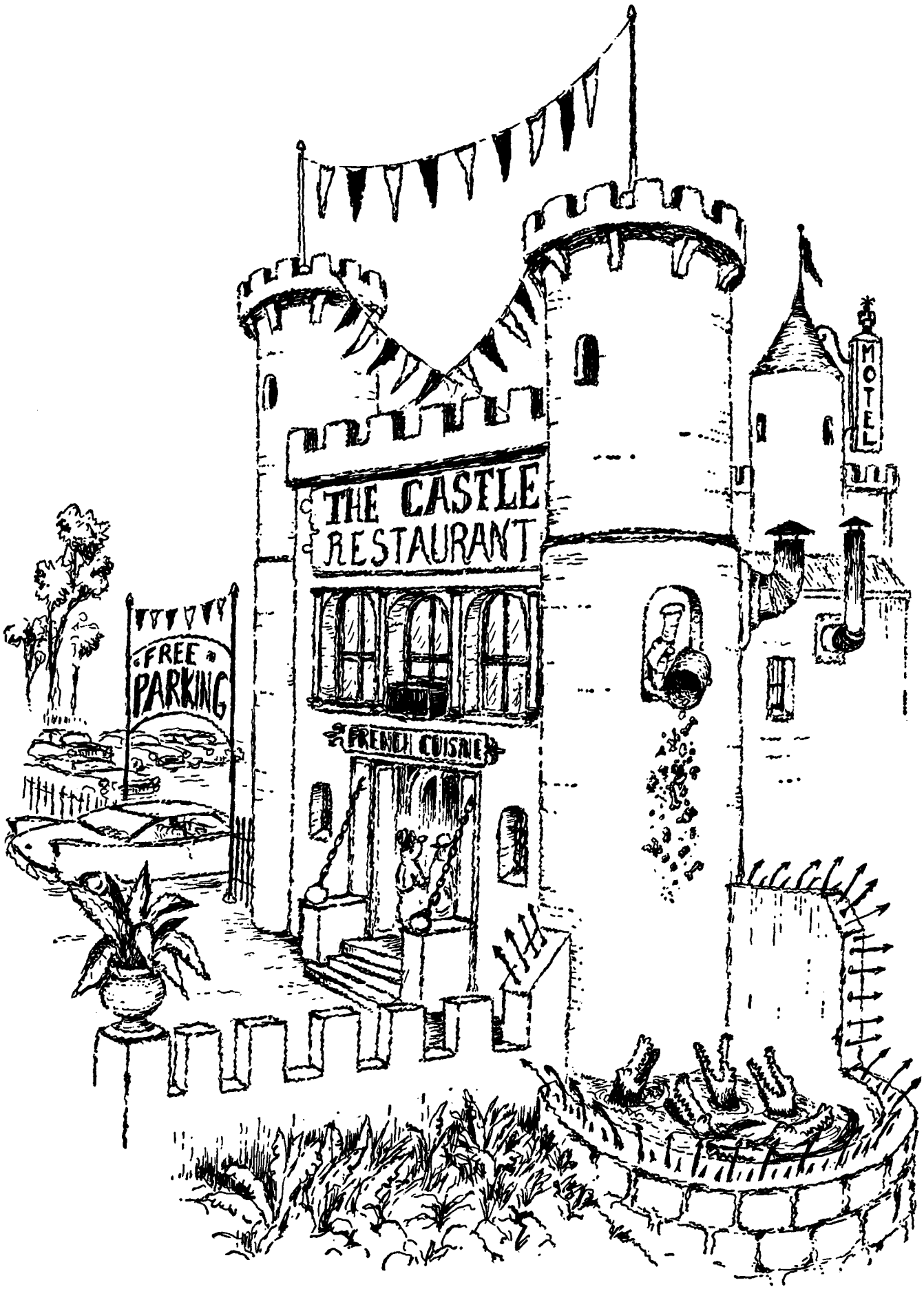

By Fernando Krahn

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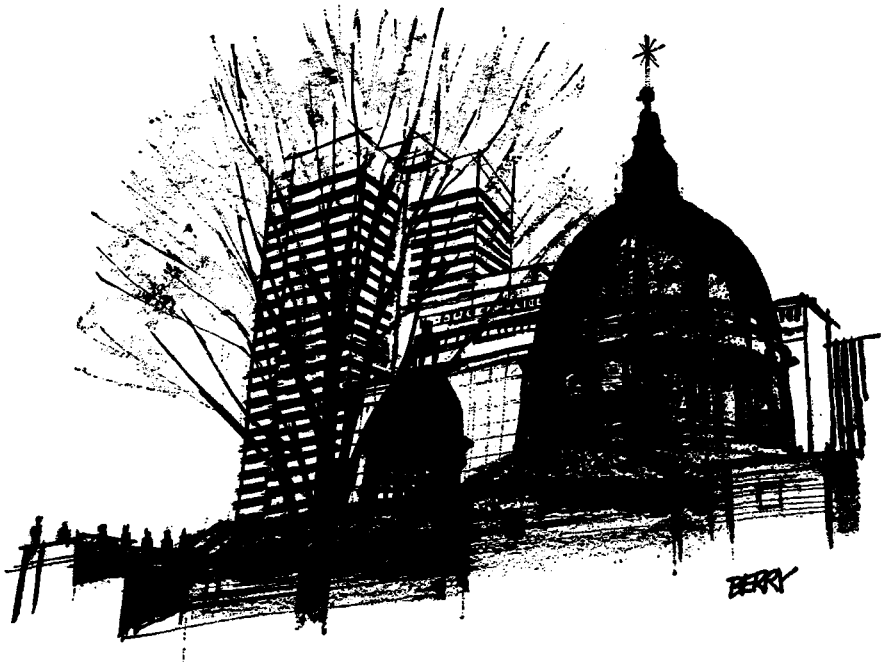

The Twenty-First Century Comes to Montreal

RASA GUSTAITIS

A group of businessmen from Utica, New York, paid a call on Mayor Jean Drapeau in Montreal not long ago to seek his support for their plan to link the two cities by monorail.

Utica's population is only a hundred thousand; Montreal, with 2.2 million people, is 246 miles away. The only rail link for passengers now is a New York Central train that runs once a week. Yet these businessmen were convinced that a monorail would attract five million riders a year. While apéritifs in crystal glasses were served to them in the high-ceilinged reception salon of Montreal's City Hall, they explained their reasoning. The ride would be a novelty loved by women and children; it would be a spectacular scenic trip through the wild Adirondack Mountains. And Montreal would be a magnetic destination after 1967, when millions will discover it by visiting Expo 67, the Canadian World's Fair.

Mayor Drapeau asked a few questions and quickly decided that the Utica men had not studied the problems thoroughly enough to back up their plan. Nevertheless, he did not dismiss them with a few polite words. "It all boils down to this: is it economically feasible?" the mayor said. "If it's feasible, let's start doing it. If not, let's close the dossier."

Most other mayors in similar situations would turn the matter over to a committee and avoid making a statement that sounded so much like a commitment. In many cities the scheme would be rejected out of hand as too wild and expensive. But Drapeau is not like most mayors, and Montreal is not just any city. During the past eleven years, Drapeau has considered and approved several projects that at first seemed wild and expensive. He runs Montreal on the theory that "The public isn't interested in discussion —only results," and the public supports him; he was elected to a fourth term last fall with ninety-five per cent of the vote. Thanks largely to him, Montreal is in the midst of a rapid transformation from a large provincial town into North America's most up-to-date metropolis.

Sensible Growth

While all over the continent cities are sinking under dirt, traffic, economic starvation, and social sickness, Montreal, under Drapeau's rule, flourishes. Elsewhere, businesses and the middle classes are fleeing to the suburbs; in Montreal this flight has been reversed and its downtown is growing at an unprecedented rate. Frustrated city planners, architects, and municipal officials stream into Drapeau's city and sigh with envy at what they see.

Six years ago, the tallest building in Montreal was eighteen stories. Now a half dozen skyscrapers stand in the city's center and more are rising. Four years ago, a subway was still on the drawing board. Now comfortable rubber-wheeled trains rush quietly under the city, stopping every two and a half to five minutes at bright and cheerful stations, each decorated in a different style. Highways are planned with consideration for the city's historical and natural assets; a long step has been taken to separate pedestrian and vehicular traffic; the various transportation systems form an integrated network. The amazing thing about Montreal is the sensible way in which it is growing at a time when chaos and bungling seem to be the standard elsewhere.

The city is becoming three-dimensional. It has grown downward as well as laterally and upward, doubling and tripling the useful capacity of downtown sites with new levels above and below the streets. Montreal residents—or fascinated visitors like me—can emerge from a commuter train, a subway, or a parking garage deep underground, take an escalator up to a pleasant promenade, shop, have lunch or dinner, attend the theatre, or a first-run movie, and then shoot up in an elevator for a panoramic view of the city without ever stepping

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out into a street to fight traffic or the weather.

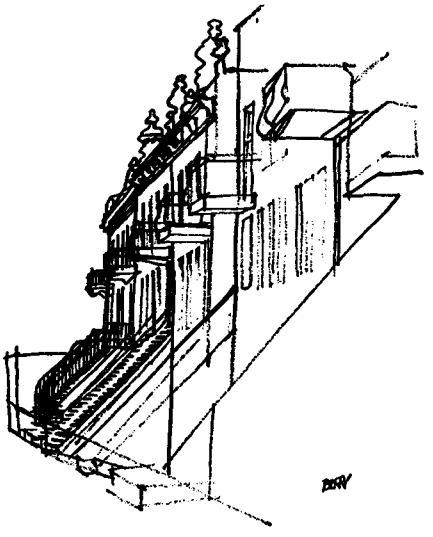
MONTREAL'S metamorphosis began quietly ten years ago but accelerated to a feverish pace after Drapeau persuaded the International Exhibitions Bureau to select his city as the site for the 1967 World's Fair. This will be the first international exposition of the "first category" held in North America since the IEB was established in 1928. Expo 67, officially named the Universal and International Exhibition of 1967, will be on a par with the 1958 World's Fair in Brussels.

As defined by international rules, a general exhibition of the first category is designed to show the progress made by participating countries in such areas as the arts, industry, and social problems. Each country builds its own pavilion or builds one together with other participants. (The Scandinavian countries, for instance, have teamed up for Expo 67.) The Seattle Fair of 1961 was second-category—limited to one subject, science, and smaller in scale; participants did not necessarily construct the pavilions.

The 1964-1965 New York World's Fair had no sanction from the International Exhibitions Bureau, which ordered its members not to participate because the fair violated two major rules: that the duration should not exceed six months and that ten years must elapse between general exhibitions in the same country, whereas only two years had elapsed since the Seattle offering. As a result, participating nations were represented unofficially at the New York fair, primarily by commercial exhibitors, and commercialism was the dominant note. In Montreal, there will be strict limits on commercialism: nothing but food and books (up to a hundred titles) may be sold in the pavilions, and a separate area has been set aside on the fairgrounds for shops that participants may lease.

Thus Expo 67 is in a different league from New York's financial disaster. When it opens on April 28 for a six-month run, an international spotlight will focus on Montreal that may indeed, as the Utica businessmen hope, cause millions to discover what is happening in the world's second largest French-speaking city.

More than seventy nations will present their achievements and hopes on the two filled-in islands in the St. Lawrence River, opposite downtown. They have been asked to keep in mind the theme of Expo 67: Man and His World. Five general themes—Man the Creator, Man the Explorer, Man the Producer, Man in the Community, and Man the Provider—will be elaborated in the theme pavilions, which have been designed by several nations co-operatively. Man the Creator, for example, will be shown through a collection of paintings and sculpture from some of the world's finest museums, as well as through four



hundred photographs and industrial-design exhibits.

The World Festival of Entertainment will bring to Montreal much of the best that the world has to offer in the performing arts. In opera alone, there will be La Scala of Milan, the Vienna State Opera, the Bolshoi Opera, the Hamburg State Opera, and the Royal Opera of Stockholm—all appearing for the first time in North America. The English Opera Group with Benjamin Britten, the Montreal Symphony Orchestra's Opera Season, and the Canadian Opera Company also will be performing here during the fair.

But it is mainly for their effect on architecture that some of the great fairs of the past are remembered, and this probably will be true of Expo 67, too. The Crystal Palace of the Great Exhibition of 1851 in London was a fine early example of the use of mass-production methods and prefabricated parts in building. The Eiffel Tower, built for the Paris Exhibition of 1889, introduced engineering principles that led to steel-frame skyscrapers.

Planned Diversity

The structure that architectural historians of the future are likely to recall when they talk about the Montreal fair is Habitat 67. This is an experimental high-rise housing project designed by Moshe Safdie, a twenty-eight-year-old Israeli-Canadian architect. The project began as Safdie's bachelor thesis at McGill University and is being built by Expo 67's sponsors—the federal, provincial, and municipal governments—to help express the theme of Man in the Community. Their intention is to show that it is possible to build more humane homes for city residents than the filing-cabinet apartments that are common today.

Habitat 67 is an ingenious, vaguely pyramidal pile of 354 precast concrete units. These are stacked so that the roof of one provides a terrace for another and a variety of dwellings is created from standard parts. They form 158 apartments with from one to four bedrooms. Some of the apartments—houses, Safdie calls them—are duplexes with stairways. Each has at least one terrace with flowers, bushes, and trees that are irrigated and fertilized from a central system within the complex. Although it is difficult to count the stories because the levels are so diverse, there are thirteen. The heating plant and other services are on the lowest level, underground. Above that is the garage. The eleven upper floors are for people.

Safdie calls his creation "an urban system designed for family living with all the amenities of suburban, single-family dwellings—privacy, identity, and open space." He carries still further the three-dimensional-city concept that is making downtown Montreal so pleasant and exciting. Access to the upper floors of Habitat 67 is provided by three elevator and service cores that lead to three pedestrian levels—at the ground, fifth, and ninth floors. Private entrances to the apartments

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are off these streets-in-the-air, which also have space for playgrounds and sitting areas. Safdie's original design was for a thousand "houses" as well as shops, a school, and other basic community services. But the cost was too much for Expo 67's sponsors. Even the trimmed version will cost about $13 million.

CLIMBING AROUND on the still unfinished structure, I was bewildered by the variety of angles and views and quickly lost my habitual concept of outdoors and indoors. Is a street-in-the-air, with a structure above it, indoors or out? Peering through the large windows from inside one of the houses, I noticed that other houses and terraces were clearly visible. But Safdie told me that he has calculated the angles of vision so that no one can observe his neighbors too closely. The population density of the project will be ten times greater than that of suburban housing but less than in other high-rise apartments. Stuyvesant Town in New York City, for instance, has a density fifty per cent higher than Habitat's.

"Are we prepared to be satisfied with that as an acceptable standard of living?" Safdie asked "It is my belief that in this economy of abundance, an economy not producing to capacity, we must strive to improve and enhance the environment. We must offer to the family, to the public, at least the same amenities which they have at present. And we must continuously strive toward improving those amenities. In that sense, Habitat 67 sets a standard and introduces a method of construction which will make that standard possible."

The project is being constructed by a method that resembles an automobile assembly line more than it does the traditional approach to construction. Almost all the parts are prepared on the ground and then simply pieced together where they belong. Each ten-foot-high modular concrete unit, measuring 17½ by 38½ feet, is precast in a special plant that has been built on the site. Then the unit is moved outside, where workmen install windows, wiring, plumbing, and plastic bathrooms. The bathrooms—complete with tub, basin, and toilet—are formed from only two plastic shells that are joined on the site. Entire units, weighing as much as ninety tons, are then lifted into their places by a crane mounted on a specially designed tower. The smallest apartment, consisting of a bedroom, a bathroom, a kitchen, and a living-dining room, is assigned only one concrete unit. The largest, with four bedrooms, gets three.

"Anything that's mass-produced means repetition," Safdie said, "and there is an immediate resistance from the public—rightly so, because it has not been demonstrated that it need not look monotonous. But I don't think anybody who has walked into Habitat has said it's monotonous. They've said all sorts of things about it, but not that."

Future Habitats

Certainly Habitat 67 has been controversial. To some, the cost seemed too high for a project that aimed to show, among other things, that better housing could be provided more cheaply. But the architect pointed out that "This is a prototype—almost a handmade prototype showing how you can do it. The government is subsidizing research. We have learned tremendous amounts already on how to reduce costs by changing certain things." Much of the machinery and equipment had to be built specially for Habitat 67, he said, and it can be used again in future Habitats. Besides, the project had to be built under the most difficult conditions. With three governments involved, Safdie said, the bureaucratic red tape was incredible; seventeen copies had to be made of every one of five thousand shop drawings, for example. And because of the relatively short time available to plan and build the project (about two years), workmen have piled up overtime wages. All these things raised Habitat 67's price tag considerably.

Some people said the project was too avant-garde. What was the point of building an anthill? Who would live in a house that juts out above empty space? Others criticized Habitat 67 because they thought the design was not original.

Safdie himself has made no claim to total originality. "Anyone who pretends that things are invented out of cold air is—well, pretentious," he told me. "Habitat is a part of a natural, inevitable development rather than apart from everything. In Japan, Israel, and Europe, architects have been working in very close directions. But I don't think that anything of this scale has been realized or exposed to the public before. Habitat is technically the beginning, and only the beginning, of a mass-production building system. It is ten years late. Other industries have developed into great corporations investing millions in research, design development, and tooling up for the various products. They recover the costs through large-scale marketing. In housing very little research has been done."

As Safdie sees it, the construction industry, now fragmented among thousands of small manufacturers, must be reorganized. The architect, the industrial engineer, and the contractor will have to work together in a single operation. But because many obstacles stand in the way, such a reorganization can come about only with massive government help like that given to the development of space programs or supersonic passenger planes, he believes.

SAFDIE is well aware that this idea, like others he has had, runs ahead of political realities. For example, when he was first asked to help plan Expo 67, he suggested that the traditional national pavilions be dispensed with and that, instead, participating countries be asked to join in building one model community, a city of the future. This one-world, one-city dream got nowhere, however. The closest thing to a city of the future in Montreal now is the new three-dimensional downtown section; at the thousand-acre fairgrounds, national pavilions are very much in competition with one another.

Czechoslovakia is even competing with itself. It is spending $11 million in an attempt to live up to its record at the Brussels Fair, where it won the gold medal for the best pavilion. I was told by a knowledgeable source that when two other East European Communist countries, Poland and Hungary, found out what the Czechs were planning

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for Expo, they decided not to participate because they could not afford to compete with their neighbor. The Czech Pavilion will have four restaurants, a new version of their much-admired Laterna Magica theatre, and a children's fairyland designed by Jiri Trnka, a genius with puppets. There will also be something called a kino-automat, a movie that lets the audience develop the plot. At critical moments, the forty-five-minute film will be stopped and the spectators will be asked to decide what they want to happen next. Each spectator will push a button at his seat to indicate his choice of possible plot developments, a computer will quickly determine the wishes of the majority, and the movie will proceed.

"Probably more people in Czechoslovakia know about Expo than do in Canada," said Olga Maxwell, Expo's liaison officer with Czechoslovakia. "Almost everything in their pavilion—even the china, linen, and glassware in the restaurants—has been chosen by competition."

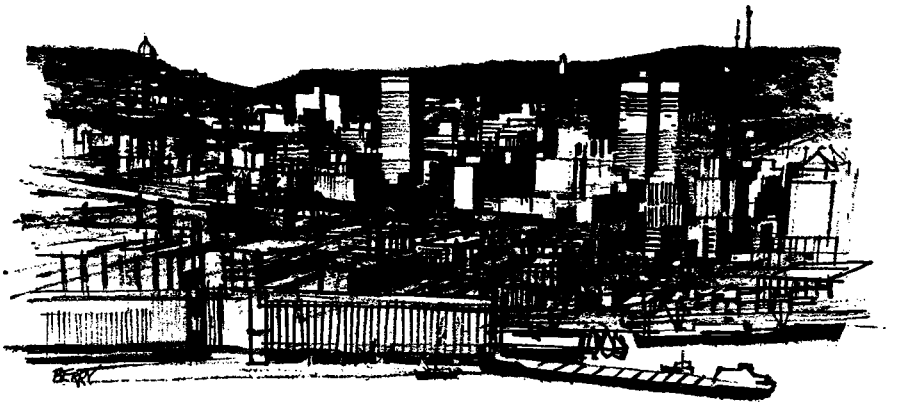
But $11 million is a large amount for a small country to spend. It is $2 million more than the United States has budgeted and just $4 million less than the Soviet Union is spending. I asked a Czech official if his country expected to recover the expenditure through trade. "No," he said. Then he added diplomatically: "It will take a very long time."

The Russian Achievement

The most prominent structures at the fair are the U.S. and Soviet Pavilions. They are neighbors, connected across a channel by Cosmos Walk; and, by their very size and proximity, they invite comparison.

The gigantic Soviet structure is startlingly unlike what I and probably most other westerners expect of architecture from the Soviet Union. It is rectangular, with glass curtain walls on all sides. A massive concrete roof, supported by just two huge V-shaped beams, swoops upward at the front to a height of 138 feet. M. V. Posokhin and a team of top Soviet architects designed the building; an Italian contractor put it up.

An escalator will take visitors directly from the ground to the main exhibition floor. This actually is the second floor, above one with a bar, a movie theatre, and the largest restaurants at the fair—seating one thousand people. At the top of the escalator, the entire exhibition space will come into view, for the floors above the main one are merely wide shelves hanging on the sides of the building.



The Soviet Union is celebrating the fiftieth anniversary of the Communist Revolution this year, and its exhibits will concentrate on showing the country's achievements under Communism in science, engineering, and social problems. A simulated spaceship will dominate the hall. Inside it, seventy people at a time will be able to experience weightlessness and make believe they are riding through space. A "walk on the moon" is also planned, and the Novosti Press Agency of Moscow has reported that visitors will see atomic power plants, sputniks, lasers, hydroelectric power dams, and other industrial exhibits. There will also be art shows and a fashion show featuring "the forty best models from Moscow, Leningrad, Kiev, and Riga."

In the hope of expanding their trade with the West, the Soviets also have rented twenty shops on the fairgrounds where a variety of consumer products will be sold.

The United States Pavilion is architect R. Buckminster Fuller's largest geodesic bubble ever (he has built more than three thousand since 1947). At nearly two hundred feet, it will be the fair's highest building. It will be visible from downtown Montreal, glowing like a planet at night. Like the Soviets, the Americans are planning a space exhibit, but there the similarity ends. Ivan Chermayeff, one of the Cambridge Seven Associates who planned all that will be inside the bubble, believes that world's fairs are more or less obsolete and that nobody wants to look at maps, charts, or explanations of the latest American inventions. Throwing didacticism aside, the United States will try to present a kaleidoscopic impression of a lighthearted "Creative America"—the pavilion's theme.

THE U.S. Information Agency which is responsible for official American participation in all exhibitions abroad, asked Congress for $12 million for Expo 67. The Senate approved the full sum, the House cut it to $8.3 million, and $9.3 million was finally appropriated. This is a modest sum compared to the Soviet Union's $15-million budget and to the cost of the U.S. pavilion at the New York fair—$17 million. By the time the geodesic bubble and other expenses were paid for, less than a million dollars remained for Chermayeff's group to work with. The young designers sought to make up through imagination what they lacked in dollars and came up with a show that may be as controversial as Habitat 67. Some critics doubtless will view it as insubstantial, inconsequential, or too much a creature of fad. But as described to me by its creators, it seemed to promise a refreshing change from the standard fare.

Visitors will ride 125 feet up an escalator to view some space hardware that will hang suspended from open parachutes. They will stand inside a space ring and witness eight rocket launchings, eight splashdowns, eight of all sorts of things flashing simultaneously on

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small screens all around them while taped recordings of conversations with astronauts in outer space are played. The idea is to convey something of the excitement of the space program, according to Jack Masey, a USIA architect who is chief of design and operations for the pavilion. The visitors will also see a lunar-excursion module and the tools that astronauts will use for experiments during the journey to the moon.

From the space show, the visitors will descend to lower levels to look at enormous paintings by contemporary artists; montages of film fragments from memorable Hollywood movies; posters and other paraphernalia of past election campaigns; ingenious but obsolete devices like apple peelers, cherry pitters, and hand-operated wringer washing machines; and an assortment of other "old things, new things —but things that are nice in themselves," according to Chermayeff. In a three-hundred-seat theatre at ground level, visitors will see a three-screen film by Art Kane about children's games. "There is no one thing we are trying to get across," Chermayeff said. "We tried to make an exhibit that has to do with aspects of America. Some of what we have is corny, some beautiful, some worthy. But everything we put in there, I think, is good."

Because Congress was chary with money, Chermayeff estimates that about four-fifths of the visitors expected in Montreal will never see the entire U.S. exhibit; the pavilion simply will not be equipped to accommodate them all. But everyone will have a chance for a quick glimpse, at least, because a minirail train will run right through Fuller's bubble, above the heads of people waiting in line for the escalator.

Birth of a Plan

After the fair ends on October 27, all the pavilions will be demolished, as international rules require. But Montreal officials expect its benefits to continue. Habitat will remain, probably to be sold to individuals as a condominium and to become a catalyst for new development that will bring people rather than industry to the waterfront along the Expo 67 site. Tourism, the officials hope, will increase as Montreal begins the second decade of its transformation.

The first decade began when Donald Gordon, president of the Canadian National Railroad, decided to do something about twenty-two acres that his company owned in the center of the city, around Central Station. For years that land had lain vacant. Gordon called developer William Zeckendorf to devise a plan for it. Zeckendorf brought in Vincent Ponte, a city planner from the United States, who has been involved in Montreal's progress ever since.

By 1956, plans had been drawn up for Place Ville Marie, a seven-acre development, and for the rest of the site. A forty-eight-story cruciform office tower was to be built next to a four-acre plaza. Below the tower and the plaza there were to be four levels. The top one, lighted from sunken courts, would have promenades lined with shops and other businesses. The next two lower levels would be for parking, and at the bottom would be the railroad tracks. The network would tie in to buildings beyond the property line; the entire length of the promenades was to be one and a half miles.

Despite dire predictions, the plan was executed and was an instant success. The Royal Bank of Canada took space in the cruciform building, and after that the rest filled up fast. The shops along the promenades have been fully rented from the beginning, and Ponte told me that they have been doing as large a dollar volume of business per square foot as department stores.

Spurred by the success of Place Ville Marie, other builders began to put up office towers nearby. Montreal's Wall Street, the St. James Street area, was getting cramped and many companies were happy to have the opportunity to expand to the east, where the retail center of the city lies. It quickly became clear that office buildings that were tied into the underground network rented faster than those that were not. In one year, four million square feet of new office space opened.

The sudden windfall in taxes made it possible for Mayor Drapeau to secure loans to finance the long-promised Metro. And with the Metro assured, he was able to secure Expo 67. The subway tracks run deep underground, because it was cheaper to build through rock. Consequently, each station has a mezzanine level that, with city co-operation, is tied into the promenade network.

Ponte was retained by other developers, and orderly planning prevailed as the downtown building boom continued. The promenades soon will be four miles in length, reaching out under an area of a hundred acres. All this expansion, Ponte pointed out, was conducted with no government financing or urban-renewal money, although Drapeau's co-operation certainly helped, as did the subway.

ONE REASON for the success of the new downtown, Ponte said, is that it continues to exist on the same 185 acres that were the old hub of the city. No downtown center can be a success, he believes, if it stretches much beyond two hundred acres. Nor can a downtown development be executed successfully if it is just off the hub. To make this kind of revitalization possible, Ponte told me, "You have to have several superblock land areas that are preferably contiguous and under single ownership. If you have these conditions, the co-operation of the public sector, and an organization that wants to do something, you can bring this kind of thing about. Generally, the land areas available are not at the hub, they're slightly off. And, in the States, we are so encumbered with complete laissez-faire use of land, all that inheritance of the nineteenth century, that if you do it, it has to be done in 'one cataclysmic stroke,' to quote Jane Jacobs. This is dangerous in housing and it can be equally dangerous in commercial development if the pieces are not put together in the right way."

Opportunities do present themselves elsewhere, but they are allowed to slip by. "New York is one example of a city that has missed the boat for years," he said. Had the proper action been taken at the proper moment, there might have been a pedestrian network like Montreal's along Park Avenue and radiating from the seventeen acres of passageways under Rockefeller Center. The proposals were made, but there was no Mayor Drapeau to listen and push.

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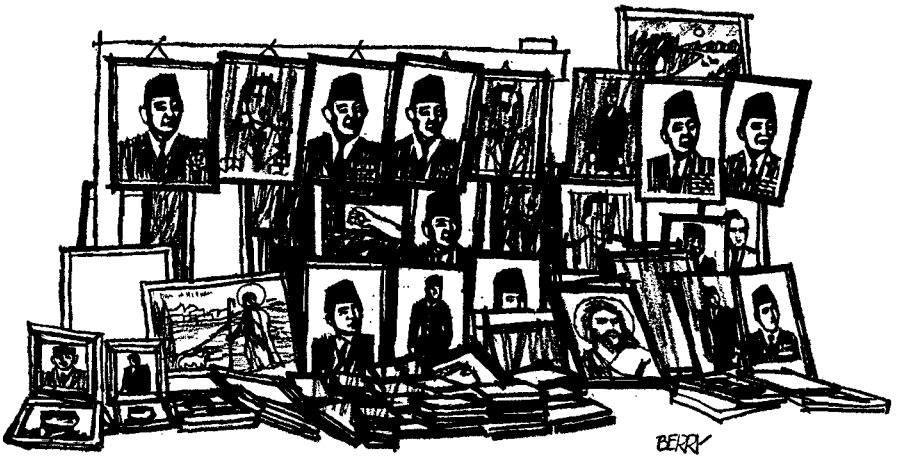

Bung Karno at Bay

DENIS WARNER

DJAKARTA

TOWERING above Djakarta is the solid-gold-capped National Monument created by President Sukarno for the everlasting glory of his rule. Banteng bulls rampant guard its corners, and, until recently, hundreds of craftsmen were busy with their hammers and chisels on the stonework. Since it was well known that a soothsayer of note had predicted that Sukarno would rule as long as work on the monument continued, the task promised to be as permanent as the stone itself. Today the hammers are silent and the chisels have been put away. In the land that Sukarno beggared there is nothing left in the public purse for building monuments.

Belatedly, but nevertheless surely, the Sukarno era is also coming to an end. Sukarno is still fighting to regain his lost powers; but now, for the first time after his seventeen years of malfeasance that led Indonesia into a futile conflict with its neighbor Malaysia, plunged it into bankruptcy, and all but succeeded in carrying it into full militant alliance with Communist China, it is possible to write with assurance that only the exact manner and timing of his going remain to be decided. Like a man running up on the down escalator, Sukarno was swept very close to the bottom after the abortive coup d'état of September 30, 1965. There have been occasions since then when he seemed close to the top again. As he regained his old poise and confidence, and with them the loyalty of millions to whom the Bung could do no wrong, he placed himself with all of his old arrogance and élan against the new revolution, seemingly certain that the myth of his indispensability would prevail over the reality of his guilt. By accepting a purely constitutional role with some show of humility, it is conceivable that Sukarno could have remained in office at least until the elections in 1968. But such behavior is not in the nature of the man. Furthermore, he erred in confusing General Suharto's caution and respect for the constitutional processes with weakness—a mistake that others made, too.

AS THE months passed and Sukarno appeared to be consolidating his position and openly challenging the new order, even some of Suharto's friends began to worry. A junior minister who returned from abroad in November could scarcely credit the change in Sukarno's status. "The man has achieved the impossible," he said. "He has made a comeback."

Supporters of Adam Malik, the courageous and outspoken Foreign Minister and one of Sukarno's most vigorous critics, urged him to be more cautious when he returned from a visit to the Soviet Union. During Malik's absence, Sukarno had engineered the revival of the old national-Communist Murba Party, naming Malik, a former member, to the committee. It was a shrewd move, designed both to discredit Malik, who, lacking a political base of his own, depends largely on his own character and capacity, and to provide the machinery through which a Communist element might ultimately be restored to NASAKOM, Sukarno's formula for welding nationalist, religious, and Communist groups together.

"What is Malik going to do about Murba?" I asked one of his aides.

"He's got to take it quietly, or he will find himself in conflict with the big Bung," he replied. "And the way things are now, the big Bung will win."

KAMI and KAPPI, the student action fronts that played a vital part in breaking the grip of Sukarno and ex-Foreign Minister Subandrio on the government, were bloodied by a violent encounter with troops

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outside Sukarno's Merdeka Palace last October 2. They found themselves hedged in by their former army allies and lacking in ideas not only for the prosecution of their own private plans to topple Sukarno but also for longer-term hopes of making an effective contribution toward the country's economic and social recovery.

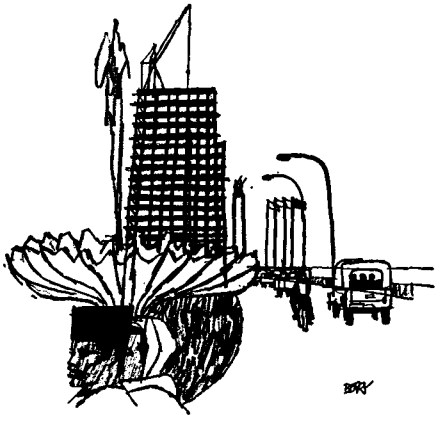
"There are two possible explanations for Suharto's attitude," said a mature graduates' action-front leader. "He may think he has cornered and defused the Bung, rendering him harmless. That is dangerous, but not nearly so dangerous as the second possibility—that he sees Sukarno as a genuinely great leader whose bad advisers of the past have now been replaced with good men, thus assuring that everything will turn out all right."

Two Kinds of Justice

As events unfolded, it became apparent that there was indeed an element of this in Suharto's attitude. Added to his personal reluctance to curb the presidential tongue and to call Sukarno to account for his past policies and actions, however, was a genuine fear of the consequences. The assassination of Ngo Dinh Diem in Vietnam was, he believed, a salutary reminder of what might flow from the use of unconstitutional methods. Moreover, Suharto realized that for many of the Generation of 1945, the men who had fought for independence, Sukarno was still the charismatic leader. Demonstrably, the Generation of 1966, or at least its west Javanese components, did not share these views, but in densely populated east and central Java, Suharto's own birthplace and the home of about half of Indonesia's 107 million people, Bung Karno was still something of a god. No one could be certain that his removal would not precipitate civil war or even the disintegration of the republic.

Shabby revelations at the trial of Jusuf Muda Dhalam, former Minister of the Central Bank, showed up Sukarno as a philanderer who dipped his fingers into the public purse for the benefit of his cronies. But there was worse to come. Dr. Subandrio, who had for long been the architect of Sukarno's policies, and Omar Dhani, hand-picked by the President to lead the air force, joined Jusuf Muda Dhalam in the cells of those condemned to death. But Sukarno, although he was exposed as having been privy to secret deals with Peking to provide arms for Communist militia, to the clandestine training of the men and women who butchered five generals during the coup, and to hobnobbing with the coup leaders after the generals' death, went free. "Is it just to try a minister, who was only a presidential aide, without trying his master, the Premier?" asked the defense counsel in his final and unsuccessful plea for Omar Dhani.

West Java's answer to this was a resounding "No." For the first time there were signs of serious misgivings in east and central Java, although most people here continued to interpret the trials as further evidence of the wickedness of the evil men in Djakarta intent on harming their beloved Bung.



FORTIFIED by such reassurances of continued support, less and less repentant, and more than ever determined to stand firm against the New Order, Sukarno now incited and threatened. "Say, you fellow Marhaenists [common people]! Do not just sit back and watch your country being taken over by these lackeys of the imperialists," he told an enthusiastic meeting of the PNI, the Indonesian Nationalist Party, with which he has long had sentimental links. "Fight them back, or you will be smashed, too."

The speech marked something of a watershed in the Sukarno-Suharto relationship. Before it, Suharto and others who felt that Sukarno could be retained as a symbol of unity had been able to point to an impressive array of economic and political changes, all made in spite of Sukarno's obstructionist tactics. Against his expressed wish and instructions, Indonesia had gone back to the United Nations, ended "confrontation" with Malaysia, abandoned its close links with Peking, decimated the Indonesian Communist Party, outlawed Communism, rejoined the International Monetary Fund and the World Bank, and re-established friendly relations with the West. Sukarno had fulminated, fumed, and failed. But now, instead of serving as a symbol of Indonesian unity, he had become divisive and dangerous, a rallying point for dissidents not only among the remnant forces of the PKI (the Indonesian Communist Party) and the Sukarnoists of the PNI but also in the armed forces, where pro-Communist and Sukarnoist elements were still strong enough to cause trouble. Where once it had seemed to men of good will that Indonesia could not afford to do without Sukarno, now it was equally obvious that it could not afford to do with him.

'No Alternative'

Even under these circumstances, however, Suharto was not willing to give a lead. He was prepared to abandon his policy of coexistence with Sukarno, but if the President was to go, he wanted his departure to be an expression of the popular will and not a military order.

Others did not share his inhibitions. On top of the front page of the Djakarta *Times* on December 20 there were four main headlines: "Adam Malik Calls for MPRS Session to Solve Sukarno Problem"; "Omar Dhani's Trial Reveals Sukarno's Role in September Coup"; "West Java Workers Call for Elimination of Dualism"; and "Action Fronts Support Jurists' Declaration" (for a judicial investigation into Sukarno's activities). All the stories, in effect, accused Sukarno of having been a party to the 1965 coup, and demanded that he be called to account. For those readers who liked a little spice with their news, there

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was a further front-page report in which Sukarno denied having raped a fourteen-year-old girl. Under the heading "No Alternative," the *Times's* editorial demanded that the MPRS (Provisional People's Consultative Assembly) be called into session to investigate Sukarno. "When we say that the political situation is tense, we do not have in mind only the students' demonstrations but the possible escalation of the tense situation into an armed clash," the paper said. "The Assembly has no choice but to convene its members."

From many quarters, from the judges' association and the jurists' association, from General A. H. Nasution, former Defense Minister and head of the Assembly since last June, and General Dharsono, who commands the Siliwangi Division, and from others closer to Suharto, came mounting demands that the President should stand trial, or that the MPRS should be called into session to impeach him, or at least to hear his "explanation" of his part in the coup.

On December 22, student action-front leaders presented the Attorney General, Major General Sugih Arto, once a Sukarno crony, with a damning documented case against Sukarno. "Truth and justice must be upheld, regardless of person or position," Sugih Arto told the delegation. On the same day, the chiefs of the armed forces and the police called formally on Sukarno to present him with a joint statement announcing that they would act against anyone who stood in the way of the new order. Sukarno replied with demands for cabinet changes and implied threats of civil war. Well aware of Suharto's insistence on a constitutional approach to his own problem, Sukarno had been busy with the political parties, holding out the promise of cabinet seats in the promised reshuffle in exchange for support to block moves to call a special session of the MPRS. During the week, further meetings between the President and the leaders of the armed forces were followed by a unified show of force, with army, navy, air force, and police mobile-brigade battalions converging on Merdeka Square in front of the palace. Sukarno has grown inured to demonstrations, but this

one may have given him pause: among the units participating were several that had been regarded as being in Sukarno's camp.

In typically Javanese style, the closing chapters of the story are likely to be tortuous in movement and long in the telling. But the Assembly has now been called to meet in March or April, which means that the stage has been reached where even the most cautious of his opponents believe that the end is in sight, and that it is possible for the first time to consider Indonesia's prospects when it is freed from the dangerous intrigues of the man who brought the country to ruin.

Coinciding with the upsurge of anti-Sukarnoism in Djakarta, a meeting of Indonesia's western creditors was held in Paris late in December to discuss the rescheduling of debts totaling, with interest already due, $1.25 billion. Australia, which is not a creditor, sat in as a sort of special pleader to urge that the problem was political rather than economic, and that if the new order failed because it could not meet the aspirations of the people, then chaos or Communism would ultimately prevail. Before the meeting began, France, which is owed $115 million, and Italy ($91 million) seemed more concerned with the recovery of their money than with finding ways to help Indonesia out of its economic difficulties. With strong support from the United States ($179 million), however, the Australians made their point. Although the formula is complicated, Indonesia will have until 1971 or 1972 to meet its western bills. Prospects for more aid are also reasonably bright, and a second meeting of western creditor nations, to be held in the Netherlands, is scheduled to discuss the extension of further credits, which an expert team from the International Monetary Fund has characterized as essential to the success of the stabilizaton plan.

There are conditions, of course, in this generous attitude, but by any standards the Indonesians have been prompt in showing good faith. On Christmas Eve, Parliament ratified two bills, one approving the painful belt tightening of a balanced budget and the other guaranteeing outside capital against expropriation without compensation. "We are aware that we will have to compete with other developing countries in attracting foreign capital," said the Sultan of Jogjakarta, Presidium Minister for Economic and Financial Affairs. "We are also well aware that the capital which is willing to invest in these countries is risk capital and that we have to reduce the risk burden. The government hopes to create the conditions that will make it possible for foreign capital to have the confidence that it can work undisturbed in our country."

The somewhat unexpected success in Paris followed, and was no doubt partly due to, a reasonably generous Soviet moratorium on Indonesia's $990-million debt. Malik received

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a cool reception when he visited Moscow in October. Foreign Minister Gromyko scolded him for the liquidation of the Indonesian Communist Party and commented sourly that Indonesia had not only failed to pay interest or capital but had even declined to discuss its debts. On reflection, however, the Russians changed their minds, and even the possibility of further help from that quarter is no longer ruled out.

Paying the Piper

Thus, to an extent that scarcely seemed possible six months ago, Indonesia has succeeded in winning time to recover. It has also succeeded in obtaining $180 million in new credits, with some assurance of more to come. Welcome though these developments are, they certainly do not provide any built-in assurance of success for the economic stabilization program to which the Suharto government is now fully committed.

The problems facing the régime can scarcely be overstated. Not since the last days of the Chiang Kai-shek régime in China has inflation ever hit a country or its urban workers so badly. The cost-of-living index soared from a base of 100 in 1957 to 348 in 1960, 36,000 in 1965, and 150,000 by July, 1966. Money in circulation amounted to 12 billion rupiahs in 1955. This quadrupled in the next five years, rose to 2,714 billion by the end of 1965, and to 10,000 billion by July, 1966. The continuous increase of money in circulation was largely caused by reckless government spending. In 1961 the budget deficit amounted to 23 billion rupiahs; by 1965 it had grown to 1,500 billion. The government spent more and more and the country earned less and less. Exports, excluding oil royalties, were worth $900 million in 1951. They had dropped to $775 million in 1960 and to $424 million in 1965. Though the figures are not yet available, it is certain that they were down again last year. As exports declined, foreign-exchange earnings also declined, but imports, financed by foreign credits, continued to increase until the inevitable day of reckoning came and Indonesia could no longer pay its bills.

Recognizing that inflation is the primary problem, the government is attempting to increase revenue and to cut expenditure. The National Monument is not the only wasteful expenditure that has been stopped. Work has ended on almost all projects requiring rupiah financing. Tax collection has been intensified and government subsidies have been eliminated in most industries and public utilities. The flow of money from the printing presses has been so drastically curtailed that both the private sector and government departments are complaining bitterly that they have no rupiahs.

Also on the government's list of priorities are the production of food, especially rice, which has become a major import item; the rehabilitation of economic services; and increased exports. In normal circumstances these aspirations would be modest enough, but Indonesia is grievously handicapped in all fields by obsolete and worn-out machinery, by a chronic lack of spare parts, by transport bottlenecks caused by years of neglect on the roads and railroads, by a lack of technical and managerial skills, and by one of the highest birth rates in the world.

In an address in New York last October, the Sultan of Jogjakarta posed a vital question: "Are the democratic forces in Indonesia at this stage strong enough to put Indonesia's house in order, to give new impulses to an economy that has ground to a standstill, and to create the conditions in which gradually democratic life will be possible?"

In many ways, the political material available matches the poverty of the economy. To look to the political parties for leadership is to look for the nonexistent. The PNI remains heavily dependent on Sukarno. The Nahdatul Ulama, a conservative Moslem organization strong in east and central Java, enjoyed a good status in the old order and claims a right to a place in the new. Its leaders are rich in self-interest but do not appeal as national leaders. The Masjumi and Socialist Parties, both of which were dissolved by Sukarno, have not yet been revived, nor have their leaders, now released from jail, succeeded in making any political comeback.

Apart from the idealism of the students, who have not yet found a way to channel their energies and enthusiasm into genuine political activity, there is nothing about the political situation to suggest that leadership or national inspiration will be found here. Suharto is genuinely anxious that the régime should not become a military dictatorship. He is highly receptive to expert civilian advice and has turned to former Socialist and Masjumi Party members as problem solvers. Yet, almost against his will, the government is subject to a sort of creeping militarism. The Sultan of Jogjakarta and Adam Malik, with Suharto the key members of the Presidium, are technicians, not political leaders, and key positions everywhere, including the diplomatic service, are going to military men. Under the circumstances, there seems little likelihood that this situation can be reversed until Sukarno and all his residual support and influence have disappeared from Indonesian society.

The danger is not so much that Indonesia will become a military dictatorship as that in a society where corruption in some form or other has become ingrained and, for many, a necessity of life, the abuses of the old order are apt to be repeated in the new, thereby perpetuating instability and opposition to the government. Already the charges are heard that the new régime rivals the old in its corruption. One Indonesian, and he is by no means a Sukarno supporter, offered to drive me around Djakarta to show me the luxury homes of the new crop of generals. There are reports of sealed army trucks running rubber from Padang on the west coast of Sumatra to the port of Palembang for private export to Singapore. "We know it's going on but no one dares ask any questions," my informant told me.

If the government produces results and the Indonesian people see signs that the hardships they are now enduring will lead to better days, such things are likely to remain peripheral. On the other hand, if the stringencies of the present situation continue indefinitely, as they may, the army, which has never been excessively popular, will increasingly become the target of the people's frustration.

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The Mexican-Americans Make Themselves Heard

MARVIN ALISKY

A REGIONAL CONFERENCE of the Federal Equal Employment Opportunities Commission sent Mexican-American leaders from throughout the Southwest to Albuquerque last March 28 to discuss the employment problems of their communities. The meeting had scarcely begun when a young attorney prominent in the League of United Latin American Citizens (LULAC) stood up, threw his copy of the program on the floor, motioned to his friends, and headed out the door of the conference hall. An official of the American G.I. Forum, another Mexican-American organization concerned with public issues, rounded up some of his friends and they too walked out. Within five minutes, an exodus of Mexican-Americans was emptying the large auditorium.

"Wait, wait, gentlemen," an "Anglo" commission aide pleaded. "Let's talk over your grievances." George Roybal, executive director of the Department of Labor's Service-Employment-Redevelopment program for Spanish-speaking citizens, answered: "That's what these people came here for. And nothing in this stiff and formal program indicates that that's what they'd be allowed to do."

These leaders had not been consulted about moderators for panels, ground rules for discussions, or—most serious of all—basic topics of the agenda. "The chairman of the Equal Employment Opportunities Commission, Franklin D. Roosevelt, Jr., didn't even come to Albuquerque," said UCLA Professor Leo Grebler, the director of Mexican-American studies being financed by the Ford Foundation. "Only one of the four other commissioners attended, and these were the five men who called the conference in the first place."

The Albuquerque walkout has become so well known among Mexican-Americans that they are surprised that others are still not familiar with this important event in their increasing involvement in U.S. political action. "In March, Mexican-Americans, by walking out, tried to tell the Federal government something. But the message wasn't fully received," Roybal said recently. "So look at the reaction of Mexican-American voters last November."

A Revolt at the Polls

The November elections, despite the lack of a Presidential race, found citizens of Latin-American origin at the polls in record numbers. And, almost unmentioned in post-election analyses, the Mexican-American backlash against minimal governmental action to improve slum conditions helped to defeat Democratic candidates—though the winning Republicans are apt to get less done in the war against poverty than the Democrats.

"Even a spot check of Spanish-speaking voter precincts in Los Angeles, San Antonio, El Paso, and Albuquerque shows a sharp change in long-time voting patterns," Robert Ornelas, director of Mexican-American manpower programs for the Department of Defense, said in Phoenix at a meeting of two hundred Mexican-American leaders from throughout Arizona two weeks after the elections. The young and handsome Ornelas, typical of the new breed of Mexican-American leader, speaks candidly and backs his observations with definite figures and specific examples of the need for Federal and state governmental help for a long-neglected minority in the Southwest. He contrasts sharply with the old-style Mexican-American politician, whose generalities and quiet behavior endeared him to party officials as a reliable source of bloc votes.

Most of the leaders at the Phoenix meeting agreed that voting in the California gubernatorial and Texas senatorial contests held meaning for the Democrats. In California and Texas in 1956, 1958, 1960, 1962, and 1964, precincts with predominantly Spanish surnames led among all those considered safely Democratic (ninety-five per cent or more). But in 1966, some thirty-five Mexican-American precincts in Los Angeles, San Antonio, Corpus Christi, Austin, El Paso, Albuquerque, and Phoenix showed an average defection to Republican candidates of thirty-five per cent from the 1964 vote.

Many believe that the 1966 voting was a direct way of fighting the indifference of some conservative Democrats. The defeated Texas senatorial candidate, Waggoner Carr, symbolized Texans "who seem unaware of poor housing and poor job opportunities for Spanish-speaking citizens," one LULAC aide said.

An important local issue affected the vote in the Arizona race for governor, which was lost by the incumbent Democrat, Sam Goddard. Vigorous demands for better public and private housing have been made by prominent Mexican-American spokesmen in Arizona. They have decried conditions in south Phoenix and south Tucson, where Mexican-Americans live in shanties with no indoor plumbing and unsafe wiring. Yet Phoenix remains one of the few cities in the United States without a housing code requiring minimum building standards. Goddard could do nothing directly about the municipal housing standards. Nevertheless, thousands of Mexican-Americans in Arizona for the first time voted for a Republican, Jack Williams, even though he too will not be able to use his office to improve municipal policies. "They were vot-

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ing against their troubles," said Grace Olivarez, Arizona director of the Office of Economic Opportunity.

The nine million Spanish-speaking persons in the United States can be divided into three parts: Mexican-Americans of the Southwest, Puerto Ricans of New York and other Eastern cities, and groups who speak Spanish or have close ties to a Hispanic heritage and usually have Spanish surnames. This third category includes the Cuban, Central and South American, Spanish, Mexican, and Puerto Rican colonies of Miami, Chicago, Detroit, St. Louis, and several other cities outside the Southwest.

The largest single bloc of this subculture, the five million Mexican-Americans living in California, Arizona, New Mexico, Texas, Colorado, and Oklahoma, is becoming a significant new voice in U.S. political life, as the November elections helped to show. Political organizing neighborhood by neighborhood and heavy voter-registration campaigns have demonstrated the Spanish-speaking leaders' impatience with the ignorance of politicians and the burden of Mexican-American economic impoverishment.

But political strategists keep failing to realize that Mexican-Americans spring from a different set of circumstances than do other Latin Americans in the United States. Mexican-Americans are the only U.S. citizens whose ancestors "immigrated" to this country by having the border moved down around them in 1848, after a war in which the United States took half of Mexico's territory. Besides this, the Mexican-Americans retain a strong nationalistic pride concerning the Mexican Revolution, which is written large in the imaginations of Mexico's sons and daughters, even abroad.

Despite a partly Indian ancestry, Mexican-Americans are emotionally and legally Caucasian, and most prefer to struggle politically within organizations distinct from Negro-oriented civil-rights groups. They thus compose a special minority, with distinct emotional approaches to economic betterment and social harmony.

Many mistaken "Anglo" suppositions about Mexican-Americans are beginning to be swept away at last by valid studies. The Ford Foundation is financing a series of investigations of Mexican-Americans in five Southwestern states, directed by professor Grebler at UCLA's Graduate School of Business Administration. The Department of Health, Education and Welfare is underwriting a study of Mexican-American vocational-rehabilitation problems, conducted by Arizona State University's Department of Sociology. Even the preliminary findings of such studies, whose full reports will appear this year, indicate that both the administration in Washington and Republican self-proclaimed "friends" of Spanish-speaking citizens have a lot to learn.

Some Figures of Gloom

To get at the true picture of poverty, the UCLA investigators began with east Los Angeles (including Boyle Heights and City Terrace), the largest Mexican-American neighborhood in any U.S. city. The Census Bureau helped when, after the Watts riots, it ordered a special census of east and south Los Angeles. This census showed that east Los Angeles in November, 1965, was even more heavily Mexican than it had been in 1960. While the total population of the area had declined from 193,000 to 178,000, the Spanish-surname population had increased from 127,000 to 135,000, or approximately seventy-five per cent of the total.

The most disturbing statistic was the decline in real income among Mexican-Americans in east Los Angeles. In 1965, the median family income was $5,106, the same figure as in 1960 but much less in terms of purchasing power. The Mexican-Americans in Los Angeles did not

participate in the general rise in income enjoyed by most other Americans during the previous five years.

In Texas, adult males with Spanish surnames and ten years of formal schooling average $3,200 yearly income, whereas the Anglo adult males with the same amount of schooling earn $4,768 a year. So educational equality alone does not correct the disparity. Sociologists at UCLA and Arizona State, as well as industrial economists, agree that more advanced schooling might account for higher over-all Anglo income in Texas or elsewhere in the Southwest, but it could hardly account for the fact that in some cities the Mexican-American earns half what an Anglo with the same formal schooling does.

Looking at housing throughout the Southwest, the UCLA team found residential segregation in thirty-five major cities, not only for Negroes but also for Mexican-Americans. In Los Angeles, people with Spanish surnames are fifty-eight per cent segregated from Anglo-Americans; Negro homes are ninety per cent segregated from Anglo dwellings and sixty per cent segregated from Mexican-American homes. Segregation of the homes of Spanish-surname persons ranges from thirty per cent in Sacramento to seventy-six per cent in Odessa, Texas.

THE Albuquerque walkout emphasized the alienation of thousands of Mexican-Americans from job-opportunity and other anti-poverty programs. In a letter to the Los Angeles *Times* and the Albuquerque *Journal* about the walkout, Professor Grebler wrote: "Preoccupied by their concern over Negroes, Federal agencies have yet to awaken to the presence of over four million Mexican-Americans in our midst. And they have yet to recognize that this group, despite its concentration in the Southwest, is emerging as a national minority. Its problems cannot be equated with those of Negroes, although both minorities share subordinate status, and action programs which ignore [Mexican-Americans'] specific difficulties are doomed to failure."

Mexican-American professional men and others in the middle and upper economic and social brackets who wish to speak for the Mexican-American communities now realize that they must either concern themselves with poverty problems or forgo their positions of leadership. John R. Martinez, history professor at Arizona State, described the di-

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lemma of Mexican-American leaders in an article in *Reveille* magazine: they must choose whether to become activists or to remain diplomats. If they choose the latter position, they face severe criticism from a growing number of Mexican-Americans. As an architect said at a meeting of the G.I. Forum in Corpus Christi last June, "We need no *Tío Tomás*, no Uncle Tom, to speak for us."

The Arizona *Republic* of May 22 reported that on the previous day John Binkley, deputy director of field services for the Civil Rights Commission, had told a Mexican-American meeting that it takes political pressure to get equal treatment and that Mexican-Americans might have to take to the streets to get Anglos to pay attention to their problems. Arizona's Republican Senator Paul J. Fannin protested to Civil Rights Commission Chairman John A. Hannah in Washington about Binkley's fiery remarks. Fannin's protest was fully reported in Arizona newspapers. But not so the follow-up: the circulation of petitions by heretofore silent Mexican-Americans proclaiming that if they "need to march to dramatize their economic plight, then strike up the band."

Manuel N. Lerma of Mesa thereupon publicly called for political activism by Mexican-Americans and stepped from the state presidency of LULAC to a national vice-presidency. In the past, Mexican-American political action had come from Texas, Mexico, and southern California, and to a limited extent from Tucson, the stronghold of the Democrats in Arizona. Now, deep in Goldwater territory, the Phoenix-Scottsdale-Tempe-Mesa area, came the political pressures of the Mexican-American Political Association (MAPA), the Mexican-American Registration League, and the Mexican-American Coordinating Council.

Men on the March

Hernandez, LULAC's national president, says: "The patient attitude of the Mexican-American has ceased. We've gone along with that method for a long time, but it hasn't done us any good. We're fed up with being the stepchildren of the Great Society." LULAC, once Rotary Club sedate, now vies with MAPA and the Political Association of Spanish-Speaking Organizations (PASO) in bombarding state and Federal officials with detailed grievances.

From California to Texas, Mexican-Americans are complaining that Federal poverty programs are designed principally with Negroes in mind and that Latin-Americans have had little voice in the planning or administering of major projects. The Department of Labor has now responded by making Service-Employment-Redevelopment (SER) programs in each Southwestern state basically a Mexican-American affair from the director on down to the recipients. SER, funded by the Labor Department and OEO, helps Spanish-speaking citizens get vocational training, information about private and governmental job openings, and legal advice on overcoming prejudice against bilingual job applicants.

What Federal officials seemingly failed to realize last March in Albu-

querque they may have learned in late November after OEO's Mexican-American administrators pointed to the protest vote as an indication of Latin-American frustration. More Labor Department emphasis on SER took place between November 15 and 25 than from early June to early November, in terms of conferences and specific recommendations to include Mexican-Americans in job-opportunity sessions in Arizona, California, New Mexico, and Texas. There were a dozen meetings in November alone.

In terms of equal pay for equal work, labor unions in the Southwest are finally beginning to listen to LULAC, MAPA, and PASO. After all, LULAC has more than a hundred thousand active members, and MAPA and PASO together have almost as many.

DURING July, August, and September, 1,500 Mexican-American farm workers from the lower Rio Grande Valley marched from the border to Corpus Christi, northward to San Antonio, and then up to Austin to confront Texas Governor John Connally with a demand for a special session of the legislature to enact a state minimum-wage law of $1.25 an hour. As the marchers passed by the governor's ranch at Floresville, they shouted, "Hey, John, what about the melon pickers' need to make a living?"

The governor stuck to a "No comment." But State Senator Bruce Reagan of Corpus Christi sent the marchers best wishes from his sickbed, and several Democratic candidates for the state House of Representatives walked brief distances with the marchers. A spokesman for the Young Republicans of Texas, seeking good will for Senator Tower, expressed Tower's sympathy for their plight. That gesture probably helped Tower carry several precincts.

As the Mexican-Americans become more politically articulate, the size of their voting-age population continues to rise. By 1975, there will be almost twenty million Latin-American U.S. citizens. In the 1972 and even in the 1968 Presidential elections, the Latinos intend to get out the vote. Such things as the Texas march and even the 1966 elections were only warmups.

"After all," Dr. Hector Garcia, a Corpus Christi physician and founder of the G.I. Forum, points out, "when we organized for John F. Kennedy and Lyndon B. Johnson, the Democratic Party began to listen to our needs. With the problems centering in the Office of Economic Opportunity in the Southwest, the men in Washington lately haven't been listening enough. We'll continue to speak and they will hear us." Riding in a Fifth of May procession or a Sixteenth of September parade to commemorate the Juárez government's victory over the French in 1862 and Hidalgo's declaration of independence from Spain in 1810 just won't be enough any longer to win Mexican-American votes.

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The China Trade

DONALD HOGAN

GEORGE KNAPP's nose was neither thin nor pointed, but that was because he had broken it playing squash at Groton. Otherwise, as he stepped off the airplane, he looked exactly what he was: thirty-six and a vice president in a New England bank. His family signet ring was worn three-quarters smooth even though his hair had not yet begun to recede. He thought Bangkok was much too hot.

Kwok Eu Sing, on the other hand, didn't look anything like his Dun & Bradstreet report and a great deal less like the confidential analysis George had gotten from his own bank. In fact, Mr. Kwok looked and acted so little like his financial reports that on first sight in the violent, suffocating heat of the airport George had almost been ill. After all, it was his judgment that was on the line and he had begun to question that judgment even before seeing Mr. Kwok, when a swarm of hot military jets with gaudy Siamese markings had shot past his airliner during the landing. The Lord only knew if these people could really fly them.

When George came through immigration, Mr. Kwok searched him out again from behind the visitors' railing.

"Mr. Knapp, Mr. Knapp, I see you. My name Kwok. Hope you have plenty low price because this very poor country, not rich like America." He pointed extravagantly through the window to the row of screaming military jets that had just turned off the runway.

George stood appalled and dumbfounded in the noise and heat, the steaming crowd pushing and shoving him toward the exit.

Mr. Kwok, his shirt soiled with sweat, his trousers baggy and filthy, kept pace with him from behind the railing. "Must have plenty low price, Mr. Knapp. We too poor."

As soon as George was outside the gate, Mr. Kwok snatched his suitcase from the porter. "No need pay big tip such small bag." He laughed at the porter's discomfiture, showing a mouthful of crumbling teeth.

THE air-conditioned Mercedes-Benz made things a little better. It obviously was Mr. Kwok's own car. But of all George's business mannerisms, he was most dependent on his firm handclasp and sudden, disarming smile, and Mr. Kwok had never given him a chance. Even George's wife thought the smile was good. "It's a cross between a politician's and an undertaker's," she always said, "which makes it just right for a banker." George wished she was with him now. She could make a joke about anything. The only thing he could think of was that he had made a terrible mistake.

Half an hour later, when they arrived at the Erawan and the bellboy, in a crisp white tunic with a red sash, took George's bag, George turned to Mr. Kwok and wrinkled his forehead, begging for time.

"I can't thank you enough for meeting me at the airport. It really wasn't necessary."

Mr. Kwok gave a great smile. "No worry. I wait for you."

"But I'm very tired and all. The trip," George said, as though to a too eager hostess rushing a weekend at the Cape.

Mr. Kwok showed his teeth again.

George wished he wouldn't do that.

"You very young man, Mr. Knapp. Take bath and rest maybe one hour. I wait for you here. Lunch all arranged."

"Lunch? But Mr. Kwok, it's still dinner in San Francisco and I've been eating dinner ever since." George was surprised at the sharpness in his voice. He didn't want to make things worse.

"Many visitors say same thing first time come Bangkok," Mr. Kwok said. Then, throwing his arms wide, his smile awry, as though selling George an ill-fitting suit, "But you Bangkok now, Mr. Knapp. Here lunchtime one hour. All arranged."

George forced a smile. He wondered if the desk clerk really would let Mr. Kwok wait in the shined and polished lobby. "One hour," he said, and followed the bellboy into the gilded elevator.

In the room a barefoot maid with white teeth and articulate hands poured ice water into the thermos on the desk, then opened the drawers to help George unpack. The air conditioning worked and the room, with its hard tile floor, was cool.

"So happy you come stay Erawan," the maid said when the unpacking was finished. She touched her hands gracefully to her forehead and backed steadily out of the room while George fumbled with the clasp of his change purse. When the door closed he smiled to himself and put the change purse down. That was more like it.

AFTER a long shower he sat down at the desk to review the problem. It was a classic. The owners of a new England paper mill had taken their profits for twenty years without reinvesting a penny. Suddenly they had awakened to find their machinery obsolete and their market dwindling.

The bank had advanced ten million toward a modernization program. No one could be faulted on that. The company had a seventy-three-year record with the bank and during the last twenty years the personal fortunes of the owners, managed largely by the trust department, had prospered enormously. It was left unsaid, especially by George, but one might even argue that in the great bull market the trust department had led the way, had shown the family an easier way to make money than by tending to its business. George had hopes of eventually heading the trust department; the people one dealt with were so pleasant.

But now it appeared the awakening might have come too late. The company's staff engineers, addled by years without challenge, hadn't been

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up to the job. Even now, well after the bank had stepped in, it would be another six months before the new machine could be guaranteed to produce a consistent product. And in six months, as George had been quick to discover, if the company continued to supply its regular customers with a substandard sheet, its markets would be gone forever.

IN THE BANK Jeff Hughes, the president, had sat down with George in the talking corner of his office next to the fireplace.

"You've got to bail them out," he said flatly.

George motioned to the reports he had brought in with him.

"I know what they say. Merger."

"It does seem to be the best answer for the company."

"But not for us," Jeff Hughes said, fixing George with an innocent stare. He filled his pipe deliberately. "And not really for them either if we put them on their feet again. Let one of the giants take them over and in six months Chase Manhattan will have everything but the payroll account."

George scratched his chin. "The company can't afford to throw away six months' production, and since it's bad paper they can't afford to sell it without ruining themselves. It just won't run in high-speed presses." He paused, then added tentatively, "Of course we could lend them more money."

"Humph," Jeff Hughes said. He used his bare thumb to tamp the ashes in his pipe. "Tell them to sell the paper somewhere far from home." He stood up abruptly to return to his desk. "But tell them to sell it. I don't suppose they teach you about that in business school."

"Of course," George said. "I'll get right after it."

At the next meeting of the paper company's board of directors, George had ironed out the details. They would have to sell the paper somewhere between $90 a ton, which was cost, and $145, which was the standard price.

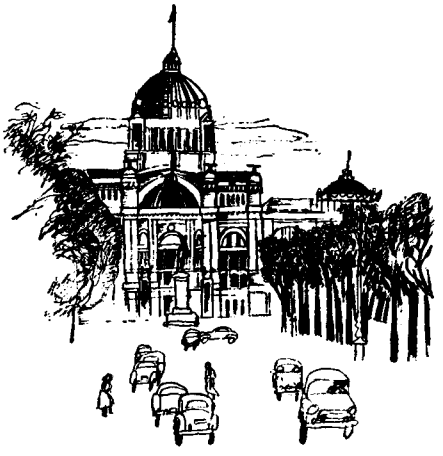
"There are certain advantages to our being a bank," George told the meeting. "Our foreign department has come up with someone in Thailand who has bought from other companies in the same fix. Quality isn't so important over there."

George paused for a minute looking at the familiar New England faces. "Of course, we'll be dealing with Chinese; they control the paper business in Thailand. But wasn't New England's early prosperity based largely on the China trade?"

Several elderly members of the board leaned forward in their creased leather chairs nodding as though they had sailed clippers themselves.

George smiled deprecatingly. The historic note had been just right.

Then suddenly someone had said George ought to see it through. After all, it was his idea. Before he could



protest, the chairman rose, signaling his male secretary to slide back the false bookcase and open the bar. "The sun's over the yardarm," he said. George knew enough to say, "Of course—it might even be fun."

IN HIS ROOM at the Erawan he took a sip of the ice water and rubbed his temples. Things couldn't really be as disastrous as they had seemed at the airport. Right there in front of him were the reports. Mr. Kwok had the money and he did the buying. It didn't matter that his clothes were filthy.

George finished dressing and went downstairs.

Mr. Kwok jumped up from his chair as soon as George left the elevator. "We go now, others already there." Five men in shirtsleeves and open collars were waiting in anxious conversation on the steps of the restaurant.

"No one speak English," Mr. Kwok said proudly. "But all very important paper merchants come meet you."

George nodded at each of the men as they were bowed into a small private dining room with bare, dirty walls and flypaper hanging from a slowly turning fan.

"Number one seafood restaurant," Mr. Kwok said expansively. "Chinese style. You very important visitor. Beer or whisky?"

"Beer."

The waitress, a young girl with a swollen belly and an ill-fitting soiled uniform, listlessly distributed chopsticks around the table. Another girl brought bowls with her thumbs stuck in them. The first one returned with a large steaming bowl covered with a tin chimney.

"Shark-fin soup," Mr. Kwok said. "Very special dish. Ten American dollars this one." He ladled some of the stringy yellow soup into his bowl and slurped it loudly. "Eat, Mr. Knapp. Very good soup."

Everyone reached at once, spilling a lot of the soup on the table. George thought the soup was good and he was amused when the flat ceramic spoon made him slurp it like the others. The girl wiped the table with a paper napkin and dropped it on the floor.

Then there was a whole fish and everyone stuck his chopsticks directly into it to tear it apart and pick out the pieces floating among the entrails.

George wasn't sure he could eat it, but when he hesitated the others stopped and waved their wet chopsticks showing him how to eat. The waitress offered to feed him, catching the drippings in her bare hand. "No, no," George said. The men spat the bones on the floor.

"Maybe not suitable American taste," Mr. Kwok laughed. "Fish left in sun until just right. But maybe Number one dish this restaurant."

God damn it, George thought, if I had teeth like that the last thing I would do is laugh all the time. "How much did it cost?" he asked, looking directly at his host.

Mr. Kwok's eyes danced with pleasure. "Not so much," he said. "Most special dish but not so expensive. Maybe two American dollars."

The other men laughed and kept repeating something back and forth

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until one of them couldn't stop laughing and began to cough.

"He say he hope your paper very same thing." Mr. Kwok translated. "Best quality but very low price."

George laughed out loud and then everybody laughed again watching each other warily. George explained that the company was installing a new machine and that the quality would be uneven.

THE DISHES came more slowly now and George noticed the others had changed from beer to tea. But he let the waitress bring him another bottle of beer and he poured it slowly into his glass. It could sit there a long time.

"Paper merchants all work together Bangkok," Mr. Kwok said, looking around the table. "Good quality not so important. Only must be same quality all merchants."

The men all smiled broadly as though they understood.

They probably do, thought George, smiling back.

"Also very important all eat together," Mr. Kwok said. "Like Rotary Club. Very modern way. But price most important thing. So many bad debts, so many customers never pay."

George lit a cigarette. "Along with price you've got to consider reliability."

"Your company have long history good relations New England. But not so much foreign business, I think."

George waved off the point. The smell from the half-empty plates was making him ill again.

"Still we know your company most reliable. Important bank have great interest. But the price." He stretched out the word as if stripping a fishing reel, then melted into the circle of silent faces.

George shifted wearily on the hard wooden chair. It was time to get his feet wet. "One hundred and thirty-five dollars."

No one moved.

"Nobody sell paper Bangkok $135." Mr. Kwok smiled flatly. "Everybody know we like low price."

George smiled back: "Sellers like reasonable prices as much as buyers like low ones."

"Maybe tonnage your letter all right," Mr. Kwok said without changing his expression. "But must have delivery over one year."

George wasn't sure he had heard correctly. He could feel his nervousness add whole drops of sweat to the slick which had already soaked his shirt. But he held the same smile. "Perhaps we could help you there."

Mr. Kwok came right back and in quick exchanges they settled tonnage, delivery schedules, and the

method of payment. The deal was very much alive.

Only the price was left when Mr. Kwok stood up abruptly. "Lunch all over," he announced. "Now visit godown."

George started to protest that he had to get back to the hotel, but one of the other men grabbed his hand and began pumping it violently up and down. "You very good businessman," the man said. "Sorry English very much poor."

"We go now," Mr. Kwok said. "Whole family waiting godown see important American visitor."

It wasn't until early morning of George's third day in Bangkok that he had time alone to think. He had been down for a swim at six, even before the pool attendant had skimmed the nightfall of bugs from the surface. In a few minutes breakfast would be at the door.

He leaned out of the shower, groping for the slim tube of Entero-Vioform tablets on the washbowl. When he found them he knocked two of the flat brown pills into his hand and popped them into his mouth, washing them down with water caught like raindrops from the shower.

He had felt nauseated almost all the time, but that had been from the heat and the putrid smell of the klongs and sometimes from the sight of the food and the way Mr. Kwok and his friends ate it. But George had not been actively sick. He thought the pills might do a lot for tourism in Mexico.

At the pool there had been a stout English gentleman swimming a gentle breaststroke that swept the bugs from the water in front of him. Sometimes when the bugs came inside the sweep of his arms, he sputtered like a whale trying to blow them away from his face. Together he and George had rested at the side of the pool, the Englishman holding on with sun-pink arms.

"At least you've had some sun," George said.

The Englishman grunted. "Been getting the treatment, have you?"

"The whole bit."

"That's the way it goes," the Englishman said, swimming away.

George filled his coffee cup and stood at the window staring out at the klong. The air-conditioning intake was on the other side of the room so there was no smell. It was like looking at a postcard.

AT DINNER last night, their fourth meal together, George had come down to $115. He had done it suddenly for dramatic effect when everyone was feeling good and talking easily at dinner. He had expected them to say "Yes" right then and shake hands and he would have ordered another round of drinks. But it hadn't worked. Mr. Kwok had put on his business smile and had told him he should have said $115 at lunch the first day and maybe by now they would have been able to do something. And the God-damned Englishman had said "That's the way it goes" and swum away before George could talk to him.

Slow down, George told himself.

He sipped the coffee, looking

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out the window. Across the field three women had come to fill their wooden buckets in the klong. They probably even cook in it, George thought disgustedly, looking at his coffee.

On both nights Mr. Kwok had taken a young boy from his godown to drive for them, and when they had left the restaurant or one of the subsequent nightclubs the boy had flung open all the doors of the car and then disappeared for two or three minutes while the men figured out who was going to sit where. Afterward the boy would go behind the car, opening and closing the trunk. At the nightclub the night before, George had lagged behind the others to see where the boy went. Mr. Kwok had noticed him watching and suddenly, seeming very drunk, had grabbed one of the girls who had come to the door with them and had tried to pull down the top of her dress. But George had kept wearing his smile and saw the boy being met by the waiter with the remains of the whisky bottle and tidbits that had been on the table.

George slapped his forehead, still embarrassed. It was the one bill he had paid. He had pretended he was going to the men's room, so he could get it and pay it before Mr. Kwok knew what he was doing. After failing to close the deal at dinner, he had to do something.

In the car Mr. Kwok had said sadly, "Very poor country, Mr. Knapp. We so anxious to do business with you but must have lowest price."

George didn't know if it was because he felt guilty about seeing the boy or because Mr. Kwok was a little drunk and telling the truth, but in the car he had thought Mr. Kwok really meant it and he was afraid that unless he could find a way to lower his price once more and close the deal at the same time he would lose the whole thing.

"Must have lowest price," Mr. Kwok kept saying all the way back to the hotel.

George put down the coffee cup and wiped his face. He had begun to sweat even in the air conditioning.

The telephone rang. "Hello, Mr. Knapp," Mr. Kwok said. "We are waiting in lobby. Please come down."

MR. KWOK relaxed in the back seat of the car. "Tonight," he smiled happily, "have very special treat for most important American visitor." He pointed at the man who had come with them. "He marry my sister. Now most important paper merchant after me. Together we arrange special treat your last night Bangkok."

George showed Mr. Kwok the same smile he had been showing him all day.

The dim lights of the puttering samlors made startling designs on the broad streets like scooters escaped from an amusement park. George watched them out the window of the Mercedes-Benz, leaving Mr. Kwok and his brother-in-law to joke merrily with each other.

Throughout the day Mr. Kwok had not given the slightest indication of the price at which he would buy and George stubbornly had not given the slightest indication that he would consider anything under $115. Perhaps in the morning, perhaps at the last minute, they would make a move. But George was not sure he could wait. He began to drum his knuckles on the car window.

Twice it was on the tip of his tongue to turn and say, "O.K., Mr. Kwok, $90 a ton. That's cost. Now take it or leave it. That's the way we do business in America." But what if he only smiled and said, "Must have low price, Mr. Knapp. We too poor."

The car turned off Rajadamnoen into a narrow street and then suddenly again through a gate in a high blue wall that was lit by a string of twinkling yellow lights. They were in the courtyard of a large motel.

The driver honked his horn and almost immediately the manager, a tall, thin man in a sleeveless shirt, came running out cupping his hands in greeting to Mr. Kwok. Mr. Kwok quickly got out of the car and talked excitedly to him. He motioned for George and his brother-in-law to hurry. "Everything all arranged," he said.

The manager was beaming with pride. He led the way across the courtyard to a room on the ground floor and flung open the door.

Mr. Kwok grabbed George by the arm. "Number one girls. Most expensive kind. Almost virgin."

The manager was still beaming and Mr. Kwok got so excited he ran toward the bed like a boy flushing pigeons. "Which one you want, Mr. Knapp? Which one you want?"

George was almost blinded by the light from a cluster of naked bulbs in the ceiling. He clenched his fist when the three young girls, huddled together on the edge of a sagging bed, pulled back from Mr. Kwok.

Mr. Kwok was almost frantic with excitement. "Which one you want, Mr. Knapp? Take Number one choice."

George waved his arms in desperation. "No, no." He sat down heavily on one of the gaudy plastic chairs. He was trembling with anger.

"Number one Thai girls," the manager said proudly to George. "Most special selection for Mr. Kwok, biggest paper merchant Bangkok. Make choice slowly."

GEORGE controlled his trembling. He looked at the girls, For an instant, the way they looked back at him made it seem that the other men weren't there.

"You stay whole night," Mr. Kwok said grandly. "All arranged. All paid for. Manager speak English. You want anything, drink or food, call manager telephone. You want anything special from girl, she understand." He laughed. "Brother-in-law stay one, maybe two hours with me, then go. Too expensive stay three men, three girls all night. Come back for you here morning, go pack hotel and take airport. Which one you want?"

George decided to pick a girl and stay alone with her until he was sure Mr. Kwok had gone. Then he would give her some money and take a taxi back to the hotel. Mr. Kwok would know where he was. He would have a swim in the early sunlight and make up his mind what to do.

He looked at the girls. All three were wearing cheap taffeta dresses. Their faces had almost been erased by layers of makeup and rouge. But one in a black dress seemed the most

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frightened. He would choose her.

"That one," he said, trying to smile at the girl.

"Make excellent choice," Mr. Kwok said. "Now manager show you own room."

George walked with the manager; the girl, unused to high-heeled shoes, trailed behind. He thought he heard one of the other girls laugh in the room they had just left and wondered what Mr. Kwok could have said to make them laugh.

His room was the same as the first one. The manager elaborately showed George how to lock the door. He spoke sternly to the girl, cupped his hands, and left.

George looked at the girl. In heels she came up to his chin. "Do you speak English?" He made his voice sound as gentle as he could.

The girl shook her head.

George shrugged helplessly and walked to the bed. He started to take off his jacket but didn't want the girl to think he was undressing, so he stopped and without even taking off his shoes lay down on the bed, on his back, with his arms and legs spread wide and an ashtray on the bed next to him so the girl would see there wasn't room for anyone else.

She stood for a minute at the foot of the bed, twisting her hands. Then, trying to smile, she said something that sounded like plucking a guitar string.

He didn't know what she meant and shook his head to say he didn't understand.

The girl didn't press it but sat down on the couch, her knees apart, the front of her dress flounced up to her waist. She didn't seem to know how to smooth it down between her legs. George noticed one or two black-and-blue spots on her legs and supposed they came from bumping into the ironware in a kitchen. She worked her feet halfway out of the shoes and locked them together, her knees still spread, like a teenager home from a dance.

George waited until she looked at him. He hoped his face was gentle and that she would understand. He pointed at her, then at himself and then shook his head. "No."

The girl shrugged and bent over to scratch her legs.

This is going to be a long two hours, George thought.

The girl got up. There was a radio on the vanity table, the cord trailing down the wall from a converted light socket. She pointed at the radio and nodded shyly.

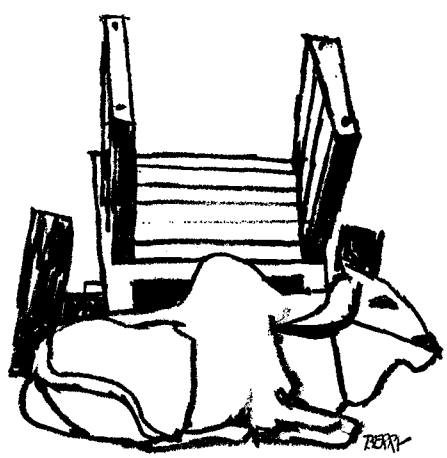
In a few seconds she found a station with the Beatles and turned it on as loud as it would go. She smiled at George, nodding to ask if he knew the music, then went back to the couch.

George got up and turned the radio down. Actually he could go below $90 a ton and still save the company. It would take some explaining, but they could afford some loss.

When the music stopped and a man began talking, the girl got up again and went to the telephone. She smiled as though asking an important favor, motioning that she wanted something to drink. Did George want one too?

He nodded.

The girl said something into the telephone, then kicked off her shoes and ran happily to the door. She



opened it a crack and watched for the drinks. In a few minutes someone was at the door and she reached out, keeping her foot against it, awkwardly grasping two large Coca-Cola bottles by their necks with one hand.

The bottles had straws in them and after she gave one to George she went back to the couch and sucked noisily on hers, emptying the bottle quickly. Then she stood up again and repeated the words that sounded like a guitar string.

George still didn't understand. He looked at his watch. They had been in the room only forty-five minutes. It wasn't worth it to get up and see if the car had gone. He wished he had his briefcase to check just how far below $90 he could go.

More music was on the radio and the girl sat down again. She didn't seem so nervous any more and was looking quietly at him. George took his shoes off because he couldn't get used to keeping them on while lying on a bed and because they were still going to be there for another hour.

They had been quiet another fifteen minutes when the girl made two or three motions with her hands, starting to say something new. But before George could understand she stopped and looked down at her feet. He raised himself on one elbow, beckoning for her to go on.

She smiled shyly, started again, then shook her head.

George laughed and waved his hands, falling back on the bed.

The girl stood up. She looked back and forth at the telephone.

George nodded her on.

Her face lit up in a broad smile. She motioned that she wanted something to eat, then stood back bashfully.

George nodded.

The girl spoke rapidly into the telephone and again ran to the door, looking quickly over her shoulder, trying to share her eagerness with George.

This time she had to wait longer. Once or twice she closed the door, then opened it suddenly trying to make the man come more quickly. Finally he did come and the girl walked barefoot back into the room smiling importantly. She put the cardboard food containers on the vanity table and began to eat, using the chopsticks delicately, glancing from time to time at George and holding up bits of food, asking if he wanted some.

George lit another cigarette and smoked quietly on the bed. He didn't mind watching the girl eat. After a while he got up and peeked out the door but the car was still there, the door open, the driver sitting sideways on the front seat

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listening to the radio. When he returned to the bed the girl had finished eating.

She piled the empty containers neatly together and took them into the bathroom. When she came out she put them quickly behind the front door. She locked it carefully, the way the manager had done it, and turned out the lights.

George rubbed his eyes in relief, one at a time, until he could see the girl in the half light that came from the bathroom.

She turned her back to him and standing across the room, next to the couch, put her fingers into her hair, fumbling with it until it loosened and fell down over her shoulders. Quickly she unzipped her dress and pulled it up over her head.

Her hands were behind her again, undoing the brassiere. She was wearing a stiff net petticoat under the dress but George noticed the girl's shoulders after the wide straps of the dress were really narrow and gently sloped. And when she pulled down the net petticoat her waist was slim. But under the net she had on a tiered slip and under that a plain black one. Only she wasn't awkward any more as she stepped out of them. And her legs, which had looked like a child's toothpick legs sticking out from under the widespread taffeta, now looked strong and neat.

George sat up in the bed. The girl still had her back turned and he smiled at her because underneath all the petticoats and slips she was wearing a pair of red shorts and when she twisted slightly to the side to undo them her hair fell over her shoulder. And then she only had on white panties and when she stepped out of those her hips were round and full and almost as wide as her shoulders and her waist was like a wasp's.

She turned around and held out her arms, her hands cupped, and as she walked slowly toward him she said again and again whatever it was that sounded like a guitar string.

THE MORNING SUN streamed through the bamboo shades and splashed over the dirt spots on the floor. The girl's slips and shorts and panties were strung over the plastic couch and across the two chairs like streamers after a New Year's Eve party.

The heat had already begun and George, half asleep, could feel the glow of an early sweat break out over his body. He pulled himself out of bed to turn on the air conditioner. At first he tried to adjust the knobs so it wouldn't make so much noise, but the whole thing was so dirty he didn't like touching it and after a while he gave up. The curtain was as filthy as a washroom towel and he wiped his hands on it. When he turned around the girl was awake and watching him. She was lying on her back, naked, with a corner of the sheet pulled across her stomach.

George was naked too and for a minute they looked at each other easily. The girl's eyes were streaked with mascara and George thought the makeup and rouge which had caked and flaked on her face looked like the paint on a weathered temple statue.

George went over to the bed and she smiled and he nodded for her to turn over and when she did George sat down on the edge and stroked her bottom. She wiggled in approval and spread her legs a little, the thighs still touching. But when he didn't do anything else she sneaked her thumb into her mouth and fell asleep, enjoying it.

Yes, George said to himself, closing his eyes to concentrate on the feeling in his hand. You are exactly what Mr. Kwok said. One Number one girl. Not quite virgin, but very special selection. He was smiling because the girl loved her work and even while dozing was moving naturally to his touch. And now he was sure the only reason she had been so scared early the night before was that she had never been with a foreigner before. And that was why she and the others had been wearing those ridiculous western clothes. They had wanted to please him, but were afraid.

He stroked her bottom again. She was indeed very special, private selection. He began to adjust himself on the bed to stay longer, to let his hand move more freely. But then he caught himself and got up and went to the bathroom, still smiling because it felt good to want it easily like that in the morning and because suddenly, in the dirt-filtered light, he had thought of his wife haunting dusty antique shops in search of windowpanes of bottle-green glass from the homes of sea captains in Salem and Marblehead. The living-room windows of their house had all been replaced and she would see him come home through antique glass. "Well," she would say in her cocktail-party voice, "tell me all about Far Cathay."

In the bathroom the sun had spilled onto the cement floor and he could see the dirt caked on the floor of the shower and green slime growing in the drain.

George stopped and scratched himself, a habit from school that had often made it easier to enter dirty shower rooms. But still he didn't go in. He decided to use the toilet after he had his shoes on.

IN THE air-conditioned car on the way to the airport, George, holding onto the handstrap, leaned close to Mr. Kwok on the back seat. "Marvelous evening," he said.

Mr. Kwok laughed enthusiastically. "You like Thai girls? Number one choice, I think."

George moved close. "I know."

Mr. Kwok grinned happily.

George noticed his hand was thin and old and that he was picking nervously at the loose threads in his worn trousers. George looked at him calmly. "Now let me do something for you." Mr. Kwok obediently lowered his head to listen.

George took his hand and smiled disarmingly. "I'm not sure, I'm not sure at all. But if you have a cable offering $112.50 waiting for me at my office when I get back there, I think I can put it through the board of directors."

"So," Mr. Kwok said. "Lowest price." His hand stopped picking.

"Lowest price," George said. He felt Mr. Kwok relax in the seat like an airplane after gliding a long time touches ground.

After a few minutes, Mr. Kwok looked at him slyly. "Next time must find real virgin, special for you."

George leaned back in the seat and laughed. In an instant Mr. Kwok started laughing with him, stomping his feet on the floor with glee.

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BOOKS

Perceptions and Provocations

MALCOLM BRADBURY

RE-APPRAISALS: SOME COMMONSENSE READINGS IN AMERICAN LITERATURE, by Martin Green. *Norton. $4.50.*

THE PROBLEM OF BOSTON: SOME READINGS IN CULTURAL HISTORY, by Martin Green. *Norton. $6.*

The interest, and also the difficulty, of these two books is that though their subject matter is American, the approach isn't. It is derived from the strong interest in American literature and culture that has grown in postwar England; and the author, an Englishman who has spent a good deal of time in the States, has already conducted in an earlier book, *A Mirror for Anglo-Saxons,* a careful and stringent personal search through the merits and weaknesses of the two Atlantic cultures as they stand in relation. The approach of both books under review is derived quite explicitly from the core tradition of English literary criticism as it comes down through Coleridge, Eliot, and Leavis —a tradition which holds that the critic's prime responsibility is to judge, and to judge not only literature but the total culture in which it exists. The source of the critical perspective is the power of the literary mind uniquely to comprehend, respond to, and evaluate society.

In recent years, under the pressure of new social change in England, the debate has stirred again, and a number of new voices, notably those of Richard Hoggart and Raymond Williams, have updated some of the prevailing assumptions. What I think distinguishes the total approach is its extremely complex sense of the way literature exists in, is entwined with, the total society. Green's four books—*Mirror for Anglo-Saxons,* his most personal; *Science and the Shabby Curate of Poetry,* which examines the relations between the contemporary literary mind and the more dominant intellectual forces of scientism; and now *Re-Appraisals,* an enterprise in literary criticism, and *The Problem of Boston,* an enterprise in cultural study—form a distinctive contribution to this debate. They are quirky and personal in a way the contributions of other commentators haven't been (in this sense it would be dangerous to take them as totally representative of what is happening, say, in English universities, where American Lit. is increasingly being studied), but they are deeply culturally involved, and they have developed an elaborate methodology for dealing with a necessary and for Martin Green a primary concern—the nature and function of the literary intelligence in the modern world.

THE DIFFERENCES between Green's approach and the more familiar ones in American criticism and American studies are dealt with promptly in the early pages of *Re-Appraisals.* He makes a striking dissent from most of what modern American criticism is doing—whether it be the institutional criticism of scholars, the stress on irony, ambiguity, and alienation among the New Critics and their successors, or the myth- or social prophecy-oriented approaches of yet more recent critics. In particular he challenges one of the most familiar of modern critical premises—the premise that we are all alienated, that literature develops from alienation, that the distinction of American literature lies in its "power of blackness." A good deal of criticism has taken this tack, either committing itself to finding disenchantment in native writers or reading literature in the light of complex theories about the American psyche that stress its propensities toward violence, obscurity, and blasphemy. The weakness of much of this criticism lies where it claims its strength—in its failure to grasp fully and speak effectively about the way literature is a social thing. Green emphasizes that a deep involvement does exist and that America *has* had a complex literary culture, and these two books spring out of that supposition.

Re-Appraisals tackles the matter by appealing over the head of the critics to the general reader, whose immediate reading experience of the texts must, in Green's view, be a good deal at odds with the overbrilliant accounts and interpretations offered by many current critics. The book looks at well-known American writers, offering close, tough-argued readings that deflate many familiar reputations, including those of Twain and Faulkner, and advance some others, notably those of Emerson, Salinger, and Nabokov. *The Problem of Boston* studies not individual writers but a whole urban cultural community, that of nineteenth-century Boston, demonstrating that (1) the culture of nineteenth-century America was not the Waste Land so many critics have held it to be and (2) that Boston, as a dense and literary culture, failed in an odd way by being *too* social, by excluding from its literature "the telling of deeply personal truths."

Re-Appraisals is described by its author as "pamphleteering," a way of talking about literature in the work of Eliot, Leavis, and Yvor Winters, marked by the attempt to change the reader's whole mind and whole taste, by the invocation of large cultural causes, and by the

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desire of the critic to involve himself fully in the imaginative and intellectual life of the society and to act upon the sensitive core of the situation. *The Problem of Boston,* the more methodologically elaborate book, is extensively documented, more muted, yet finally marked by the same overriding concern with culture and with the same high critical sophistication. In short, both books reveal a basic virtue of the English critical tradition, its strong sense of responsibility for the culture of society together with the subtlety and sensitivity to talk about it.

YET there are difficulties in this Anglo-American encounter that reveal, in their turn, perhaps deeper differences between the two cultures, and certain potential difficulties in the English one. Even this particular voice in criticism—this urgent, personal voice that feels a consensus and a culture at the back of it—does today have its difficulties. In part these show us that the very sense of standards which was alive in nineteenth-century Boston and is so well evoked in Green's book has broken down. The fact that the educatedly humane ideals of the literary intellectual have given way to an interest in the more passive aspects of literature—more and more, literature is held to express not conscious effects and procedures, not the evaluation and criticism of human experience, but myths and cultural tendencies—is part of a general uncertainty about the positivisms and commitments of the literary intelligence seen as a social force. Green's quiet premises are that we must finally want to reject brilliance and extravagance in criticism and return to a common sense founded on close responsiveness to a writer's art; that "active intelligence," "real experience," and effective and conscious literary rendering are at the heart of any work we find genuine; eventually that the writing and reading of literary works are profoundly serious, responsible, and "moral" human activities. These premises are sufficiently at odds with a good deal in the current critical situation to demonstrate that, whatever the past of American literature has been, the pressures on the modern writer and the modern mind make it hard for all to share Green's positivism.

Re-Appraisals is a powerfully argued, rigorous, and in its way deeply convincing book, but it is unlikely that the main body of its reassessments will be accepted. There are two rather different reasons for this. One is that at the level of critical argument and critical sensitivity the book reveals, there remains too much room for dissent. This is inevitable in this notion of literary criticism, which works by a testing of the critic's close reading against the experience of others. I think it will not be hard for many of those concerned with American literature to accept Green's brilliant essays on Emerson and Twain, who is praised for virtues other than his now overrated wisdom. But Green's attack on Hawthorne seems to cut too much away from an author certainly overrated, yet of great fascination and relevance.

Green sees Hawthorne's romances as of much the same order as Mrs. Radcliffe's—they are thin in psychological and sociological detail, they depend upon conjuring up and dispelling quaint, gloomy, or charming scenes, and they lack intellectual substance. Hawthorne, aiming at a genial and deep-seated romanticism, was too obsessed with his inadequacies—his lack of feeling and sensitivity—ever to achieve it; but that failure we elevate with the name of irony. There is much justice in this, and yet it somehow overlooks the qualities that Hawthorne has, qualities that add up to a genuine moral complexity; and because it overlooks those qualities, it raises the second difficulty. One begins to doubt whether the very emphases of Green's criticism, notably those on the immediate and realistic rendering of effects, and the stress therefore on a complex notion of social realism, can quite work for a literary tradition that has had some radically different aesthetics and emphases. Green would deny that it has always been different, and that what we tend to deify as the "romance" tradition in American literature is bad writing. But essentially the English critical standpoint must be seen to derive from its tradition of extremely social and hence realistic literature; and though Green challenges the overstressing of romantic elements in discussion of American literature, he doesn't really dispel the problems involved.

This becomes very clear when we see the meaning of his appeal to common sense—really, it seems, an appeal to a fair-minded, responsible spirit of educated good sense and critical responsiveness, essentially a humanist appeal. Now when Dr. Leavis made *his* appeals to an educated consensus, he saw it as existing among an embattled minority, largely in schools and universities. But it is precisely in these circles (particularly in the United States) that this humanism has been forsworn. This seems to me, as to Green, crucial and tragic, but it is not an element in the situation we can ignore. Add to this the fact that some of Green's judgments are not those which one would expect even in English criticism, and it becomes apparent that the task here undertaken is hard. This is not to limit it, but really to propose that the case needs even more rigorous arguing than it has had. There are, after all, many forms of common sense. But the important thing is that Green's comes from a full commitment to literary criticism, criticism seriously conceived and finely executed. Because the effort originates in such a place, we cannot ignore the particular reappraisals and, even more, the general challenge to a critical practice that *is* in many ways debilitated.

BUT EVEN LESS can we ignore *The Problem of Boston,* a book which delivers a crucial challenge to the all too common assumptions either that America has really had no literary culture and hence that its writers have had to work singly, or that such culture as it had was factitious and unreal, so that the important things happened elsewhere. Green admits that some of the important things did happen elsewhere, and that Boston didn't produce all that it might have. But what he does show is that it was a genuine and complex literary culture of enormous fascination. The fascination extends beyond the subject matter to the method; the book is a contribution to the growing body of social contextual study, the

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study of literature in a community.

I take it that the *literary* study of society distinguishes itself from sociology by its awareness of being concerned above all with what Green calls "a really healthy culture"—that is, with the qualitative assessment of the society, and this in terms not only of its capacity to promote serious letters but also to promote a high quality of community life, where "standards" count. This inevitably means that the critic must deal with matters of social organization in a committed, almost a political way—the commitment being to that part of the human condition which has to do with consciousness and criticism, the part literature speaks for and out of.

THE FASCINATION of nineteenth-century Boston is (as Green says) that in many ways it approximates to the ideal of such a culture as the literary mind has broadly seen it. It was *consciously* a culture; it tried to solve problems of democracy, industrialism, and modern city living through the exercise of cultural values in the Arnoldian sense. Hence Boston's successes and failures make an excellent case study of a community where the cultural and overtly literary mind had power, relevance, and access. Not only has the power been much underestimated by modern critics; so, too, has the distinctiveness of Bostonian social organization and Bostonian values—which aren't simply to be explained in terms of a Puritan or European inheritance. As Green puts it, "Boston's power of self-creation derives from its interest in literature, much more than from its economic vitality; it was as purely as can be imagined a phenomenon of the mind." Green goes on from this to argue that the Boston mind is the history of the mind in nineteenth-century America, since it was here that conscious intellectual institutions and interests flowered most and exerted most influence over styles of living. He thus takes a stand against that kind of intellectual history which sees the mind as a mindless force; literary study is the history of conscious speculation, and hence differs from the emphasis of the sociologist or even the intellectual historian. The position is disputable, but out of it Green provides a well-documented and completely engrossing analysis of a community which, when we look back on our cultural pasts, does deserve high respect.

It is unfortunate that Green didn't pay more attention to Cambridge as a power here, that he concentrated so much on the city that he overlooked the supporting hinterland without which it couldn't have been as it was. This needs attention not only because Boston was clearly fed by the New England colleges, by the distinctive community of Concord, by Amherst and Portland, Maine, but because when he comes to speak of Boston's collapse the changes in the hinterland are significant. And of course the relevance of Cambridge, which still, supported by Harvard, has its distinctive style of life and complex of characteristic assumptions, is extremely important and needs documenting for the present day. But the book remains an extremely valuable study of a literary intelligentsia in a community, and a real addition to the social debate.

If, again, it will provoke dissents, the fact remains that here are asked some really crucial questions about cultural study that need to be included if we are to improve our often much too simplified talk about such matters. What is more, it asks them in the field of American literature and American studies, areas that have recently shown all too many signs of being undirected and confused in their disciplinary assumptions. If the only effect of these two books is to cause critics to include in their discussions some of the terms of the continuing critical and cultural debates that have developed in England, they will have made their protest.

A Long Farewell to Mrs. Milliken

Do I remember Mrs. Milliken? I do!
Who single-mindedly aspired
To play "The Happy Peasant" through
Correctly; she who never tired
Of tackling "Cara Nome,"
Though she seldom met a high note
Squarely, but confessed disarmingly
She felt like Galli-Curci, opposite
Caruso, trying it. The "Sestet"
From *Lucia* never failed to swell
Her chest with pent emotion—
Something none forgot who once had sat
In class, intent upon that ample
Member's not impossible explosion.

When her passion came to rest, perhaps
She left "The Happy Peasant,"
Chiming nimbly with her fingertips
At last, beneath the battlement
Of Lammermoor; and then, a busty
Galli-Curci, climbed the parapet
To find Caruso, looking fit, in lusty
Readiness for amorous duet;
And, swelling, swelling, to a pure
Rapport, fortissimo, attempted still
A higher range, a shrill *"addio"* far
Beyond the reach of mortal skill,
Achieved that timeless decibel,
And burst sublimely on the angel choir.

—JOHN ALEXANDER ALLEN

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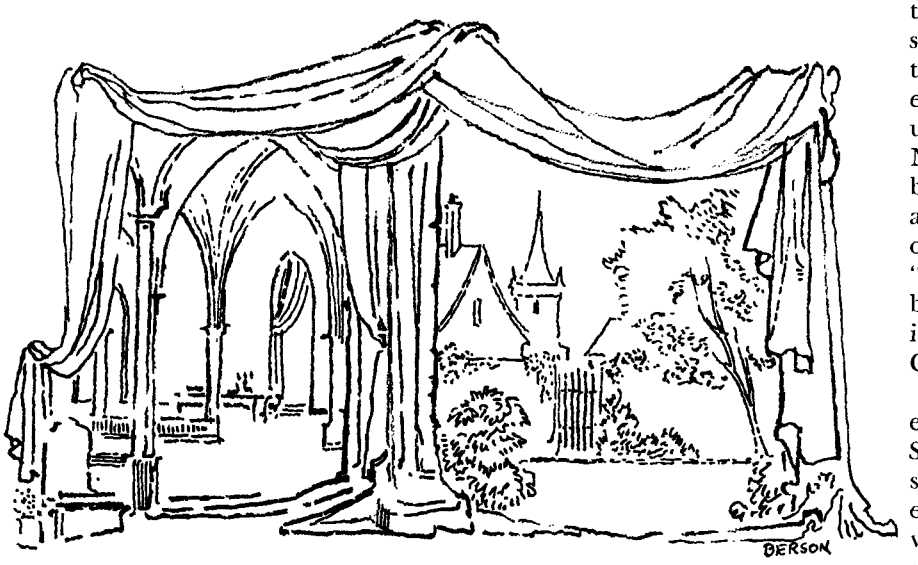

The Undivinable Sarah

GLENDY CULLIGAN

MADAME SARAH, by Cornelia Otis Skinner. *Houghton Mifflin. $6.95.*

Sarah was a swinger, make no mistake. Not even Cornelia Otis Skinner can tame her, although Miss Skinner tries with every cliché at her not inconsiderable command. For an astonishing sixty-one years of professional acting life, Sarah Bernhardt commanded a worldwide audience that has rarely been equaled and never fully explained. Her designation "the divine" suggests a transcendence substantiated by such contemporary adjectives as "incandescent," "mythical," and "supernatural." Yet so fleeting is fame of the stage that a drama student asked Miss Skinner, only forty years after the great actress's death, "Who was Sarah Bernhardt?"

Who was Sarah, what was she? Even a better biographer than Miss Skinner might hesitate to answer. Actress or idol, brain or larynx, woman or symbol? In the absence of modern electronic evidence, we sift the testimony of our grandparents in an effort to understand what made crowned and uncrowned kings adore her. Czar Alexander III bowed, Edward VII puffed upstairs to call, Kings Alfonso XII and Umberto I and the Emperor Franz Josef sent jewelry, Longfellow served tea, Cornelius Vanderbilt wept, and Victor Hugo offered a diamond teardrop.

Appropriately, the plot of Bernhardt's personal history was as implausible as the melodramas in which she scored; not even Victorien Sardou, who turned out so many of her hits, would have risked some of the details. The recipient of so much royal courtesy was a woman too emaciated for sex appeal and too pale for beauty, with unmanageable hair and a smile once compared to that of the llama. Her ancestry was humble, her birth shadowed, her childhood neglected. No one predicted survival, much less success, for so unpromising a bundle of bone and sinew as that named Rosine Bernard in Paris in 1844.

She was the illegitimate daughter of a milliner of Dutch-Jewish extraction. Although the baby's mother, Judith, had the head of a Raphael Madonna, she partook little of the corresponding nature and kept her ugly duckling out of sight for fifteen years. During that time, Judith was able to rise from the ranks of French courtesans to a top place in the Second Empire's jet set.

The adolescent Rosine-Sarah, described as moody and morose, with the physique of a "dried bone" and symptoms of tuberculosis, constituted a problem that Judith's influential friends were at last called upon to solve. The Duc de Morny, Napoleon III's influential half brother, proved himself to be queen- as well as kingmaker. Observing one of Sarah's tantrums, he proclaimed, "The girl's a born actress," and backed up his diagnosis with an introduction to the director of the Conservatoire.

Further encouraged by her mother's friend Alexandre Dumas père, Sarah renounced her professed desire to be a nun and worked with equal zeal toward more material virtue. No one else considered possible her goal of becoming the world's greatest actress. At the conservatory's prize day, Sarah lost first place to an undistinguished soubrette. Trying out for her first role at the Odéon, she was told: "My child, you have no qualifications for the theatre." Even Dumas, attending her Odéon debut, reported that his protégée had "the head of a virgin and the body of a broomstick."

NOT UNTIL 1868, in a revival of Dumas's *Kean,* did Sarah hear for the first time "the intoxicating thunder of a personal ovation," a stimulant she would thereafter enjoy for uncounted thousands of times. In addition to triumphs at the Odéon, the Comédie Française, and her own Paris repertory theatre, she was to earn the title of France's greatest export product through her many tours of Europe and the Americas. In her greatest box-office success, *La Dame aux Camélias,* she is credited with three thousand performances, while her more exacting role as Racine's Phèdre came to be known as a national institution along with the Eiffel Tower and Notre Dame.

In a profession that sets some premium on youth and beauty, Sarah's durability was one of the amazing aspects of her fame. Unlike most stars who gradually ease into dowager roles, she continued to play ingenues and young men through her middle and late years without

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courting laughter. At fifty-two years and again at sixty-three, she was honored by all Paris in a "Journée Sarah Bernhardt." Amputation of a leg at seventy-one had some effect on her mobility but little on her appeal. At seventy-six, after the last of a series of "final" American tours, she was still savoring the applause of European capitals. In Madrid, men spread their jackets on the station platform where her litter bearers would walk. In London, a new generation of royalty succumbed when Queen Mary commanded a performance.

The novelist Colette at this time described "that indestructible desire to charm . . . right up to the gates of death" that kept the aged actress in motion. As late as 1922, it led Mme. Sarah to begin rehearsals for a new play by Sacha Guitry, son of her former leading man. Now seventy-eight, she collapsed at dress rehearsal, yet rallied for one more "final performance" on film.

Like her entrance, Sarah's exit from life was tinged with irony. On stage her death throes had drawn tears from millions. In reality, she played the scene for laughs. Journalists keeping vigil outside the sickroom provided her cue when she said: "All my life reporters have tormented me enough. I can tease them now a little by making them cool their heels." In that lighthearted curtain line lay courage, vanity, wit, bravado, some cruelty, and the famous "desire to charm."

THOSE contradictions in her nature, as well as its abundance, must have been what distinguished her from the waves of Conservatoire students whom she outlived and outplayed. Today, we cannot be sure how much of her effect on audiences was personal and how much she owed to theatrical convention or to mass hysteria. Of one specific preeminence we can be reasonably sure. Her voice, described variously as "a caress," "a symphony," "thunder and lightning," and "a silver dawn," must have been incomparable. In general, however, critics trying to analyze her appeal were quickly reduced to analogy and metaphor.

Epithets like "incandescent light" and "volcano" convey an idea of vitality and force, but occasional unflattering reviews reveal a more exact analysis of her style. Arthur Symons wrote that she scored by "awakening the senses and sending the intelligence to sleep," while in 1895 the young Shaw surmised that "The childishly egotistical character of her acting . . . is not the art of making you think more highly or feel more deeply, but the art of making you admire her."

What Shaw ignored was the intelligence that such a feat required on the part of a woman whose pallor and wraithlike thinness inspired caricature wherever she traveled. He

also overlooked her capacity for unremitting hard work. Jules Lemaître was probably closer to the truth when he guessed that with her "astonishing mind and clairvoyance" Sarah would have succeeded in any other art, in science, or in politics. Most of the world, however, preferred to believe with her manager that she was "a psychic mystery that will never be explained."

UNFORTUNATELY, the person least likely to explain it is Cornelia Otis Skinner, who, despite descent from a famous theatrical family, has confined herself largely to comedy on the ladies' luncheon circuit and ten books of light reminiscence. That really is the wrong league for a great tragedienne—even one with more than a touch of Barnum in her makeup.

Miss Skinner scorns "biographers with a tiresome proclivity to trace every ill back to a traumatic childhood experience," yet she displays a proclivity that is even more tiresome, which is to cut her subject down to her own size. By her anecdotal approach and relentlessly cute manner, she reduces what might have been a significant biography to an entertaining vaudeville turn.

I could more readily forgive Miss Skinner her humorous condescension toward Sarah's camp taste if her own work were above suspicion on points of style. As it is, her prose has the precision of whipped cream, aerated with clichés and redundancies. Her characters may either be "vain as a peacock" or display "unerring instinct"; they are bedeviled by "unkind rumor" and "intoxicated by success" while taking to it "like a duck to water." Like them, readers sensitive to syntax will have to persist "through thick and thin," meanwhile wincing at such superfluities as "teenage jeunesse," "religious devoutness," "financial till," and "bourgeois middle-class."

Worse than its surface, however, is the book's underlying triviality. No real effort is made to examine Sarah's bravura acting style in the context of her time, or to compare her choice of vehicles and effect on audiences with other great nineteenth-century actor-managers. Throughout, the actress's foibles and errors of judgment are presented as isolated whims rather than as part of a complex and at times pathetic personality, seen both from her own point of view and in the perspective of an extravagant era.

While it is true that La Bernhardt often surrounded herself with Art Nouveau objects and people we now consider a little ridiculous, it does not follow that she herself can be treated as a curiosity just a little higher on the scale than a Tiffany lampshade. Cycles of taste are not only a permanent feature of history but a valuable index to its underlying movement—a fact that any writer would do well to remember with tomorrow's judgment lurking around the corner. Just as she outclassed so many poor plays, however, Madame Sarah will doubtless survive this insufficient book, which meanwhile benefits from her astonishing and enviable vitality.

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Melted Into Air

MARCUS KLEIN

THE LAST GENTLEMAN, by Walker Percy. *Farrar, Straus & Giroux. $5.95.*

It was an established literary principle, not long ago, that Southern writers were particularly fortunate. They had a real region to work with, with unique manners and speech and history, and they had at hand a real tradition, or at least a real myth of a tradition—the ante-bellum one, consisting of honor, gallantry, graciousness, ease and gentility, etc. The tradition had in some point of time fallen away into poignant defeat or into decrepitude. The loss of the tradition was of course more important than any question of its actuality, because in the loss was the peculiar moral opportunity for the Southern writer. The first and probably the last true man of the tradition was William Byrd of Virginia (1674-1744), a gentleman of the old school. The Southern hero was by definition an anachronism, a man of tradition in one way or another imperiled by the encroaching present, conscious of the fact that he was the last of the gentlemen. In this view, the whole of the South would seem to derive, indeed, not from any persons or events integrally Southern, but from Hotspur, the last gentleman among the Northern Percies. Nonetheless this myth, as it were, of the Southern myth has accounted for many various Southern achievements: from Cabell's *Jurgen* to the hard ironies of Ellen Glasgow, to both the *kitsch* and the moral amplitude of Faulkner, to the magnolia perversions of still later Southerners.

It accounts for the comedies of Walker Percy too—but now certainly we have come to the end of it. Percy is a very witty man, but there are moments, especially in his latest novel, when he is unguarded and wears the aspect of a man fingering a threadbare myth while he looks the other way. The Southern problem as it occurs to Percy is no longer a moral one. After several genera-

"Please take care of my sister..."

TAICHUNG, FORMOSA — *Two-year-old Su Ying, her parents dead, waits for her brother who will never return.*

Little Su Ying was abandoned in the alley behind our Babies' Home in Formosa. She was frightened, cold and hungry.

But as you can see in the picture, someone had tried to make her look pretty. Her hair was combed and her dress, even though torn, was clean.

In her hand she clutched a note written by her brother:

"Please take care of my sister. Our parents are dead for many weeks. I am twelve and can no longer find food for this small sister. To my ears came news of your House, so I bring Su Ying to you."

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tions of use and many incursions of the present, both the landscape and the sense of a tradition have been attenuated into the merest and the most fleeting of ironies.

THE HERO of Percy's first novel, *The Moviegoer*, and now again of *The Last Gentleman*, is a Southerner no longer quite young, who apprehends the nullity of the present but has intimations also of the impossibility of the past. Living between those perceptions, he is alternately listless and given to desperate whimsies. His problem is virtually metaphysical. When he is aroused he adopts paradoxical strategies to spring reality from time. Binx Bolling, in *The Moviegoer*, goes to the movies. Bill Barrett, in the present novel, studies his near environment through a telescope. Both of them are connoisseurs of the kind of gesture so typical and so generalized that it might contain a principle of permanence. Binx enjoys the moment in the movie "when Clint Walker tells the saddle tramp in the softest easiest old Virginia voice: 'Mister, I don't believe I'd do that if I was you.'" Barrett is happy to discover a group of picnickers in his telescope, and he is more happy to see that the man is drinking Rheingold beer. The moments might be epiphanies. Both heroes seek an opening into the true ordinary which will not suffer from what in *The Moviegoer* is called "the malaise"—which is the pain that comes when "the world is lost to you"—and from "everydayness," which is the enemy.

The basis of perception in all of this might be either Platonic or Existential, though one would choose the latter because both novels come equipped with an epigraph from Kierkegaard. In fact it is neither. Neither of these seeking heroes is allowed to seek so far. The moviegoing metaphor of the first novel does not extend beyond its obvious uses—movies and movie stars are glamorous, extra-real. Bill Barrett's telescope is packed away after a hundred or so pages of narrative. More than that, the movement of these novels depends on all climaxes and confrontations being evaded; the hero's inability to discover ultimate knowledge is the cause of his witty, wary, upside-down inventions, and the inventions are the cause of the novel. In both novels, but especially in the second one, the hero moves in adventures that are broken off at the moment when they are most promising; characters and events come into his life and leave without reverberation.

And despite much talk in both novels about Reality and God, there is finally little attempt at any grappling with either. In the place of any such strenuosity, there is the tentative version of the Southern myth.

BUT PERCY cannot finally, really, believe in the Southern myth. And thereby hangs a problem, because given the circle of impossibilities of belief, the drama is constantly about to get lost in its own frustrations. *The Moviegoer* ended in the nick of time. *The Last Gentleman* is almost the same novel, but—inevitably—the ironies have been heightened, more paradoxes have been sighted, there is more wandering, there is more philosophical discursiveness, there is more mythicizing, there is more of everything, and the novel does not come to an end before it is too late.

It begins at a high pitch of displacement, with Bill Barrett, a Mississippian, alone in New York City. Then the novel goes back South. While Bill Barrett is in New York, it plays many witty variations on the theme of displacement. The hero is not merely far from home; he suffers spells of amnesia and he is subject to powerful *déjà vus*. During his amnesiac spells he is apt to find himself far from New York and wandering about Civil War battlefields. He is a perfectly adaptable young man, and an annoyance to his analyst, who for five years has been giving him instructions in adaptability. He has deposited his inheritance, a decrepit plantation, in the Federal Soil Bank. He is extremely intuitive, and deaf in one ear. Everything is possible to him, and nothing has happened to him.

Something, of course, must happen. The novel tries harder. In Central Park with his telescope, Barrett watches for the flight of a peregrine falcon. He is by trade a humidification engineer, cunning about water. Somebody gives him the use of a camper-bus nicknamed Ulysses. His home town is a place called Ithaca—all of which should serve to bring to the further adventures of the engineer a compelling, meaningful form. Every displaced person must make his way back from the well-wooded isle of Calypso.

And the return to Ithaca means, or should mean, an end to the ironies of displacement. But Percy knows all too well that the South is not what it used to be, if it ever was. Barrett, after much effort, recalls that his father, a last gentleman before him, committed suicide when the South lost its values. For one thing, in the current South there is the race problem, with which Barrett has a couple of encounters. Again, presumably by way of exploring another possibility of the South, he visits a kinsman, an old hunter out of Faulkner, but that episode comes to nothing. He takes up with a girl, but she has her own problems of displacement—she is suspended between desires to be a Georgia coed and a lesbian. The novel raises pitch again, and Barrett is offered choices by two probable experts in the subject of displacement: a nun and a theoretician of pornography who believes that fornication is the way back to immanence.

AFTER too many discursive pages and too many repetitions, "the sentient engineer," as he is called, can neither accept nor reject either the nun or the pornographer. Meanwhile, the line of the narrative has disappeared in evasive detours. Promised events and significances have been abandoned. Characters have dropped by the way before they were used. Bill Barrett has progressively lost definition, even as he has picked up more symptoms—a trick knee and sinusitis. And Percy's voice gives way too: he speaks now and again with the voice of Faulkner, and in at least one instance he breaks into pure Holden Caulfield.

And the novel ends as the engineer, now somewhere in the Southwest, quite beyond Ithaca, climbs into an Edsel—of all cars to climb into! The novel ends, that is to say, not in a resolution, and not even in an adjusted ambiguity, but in a brief comic relapse, a hopeful echo of the witty poise with which it began.

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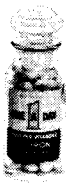

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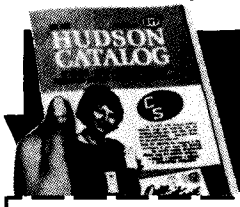

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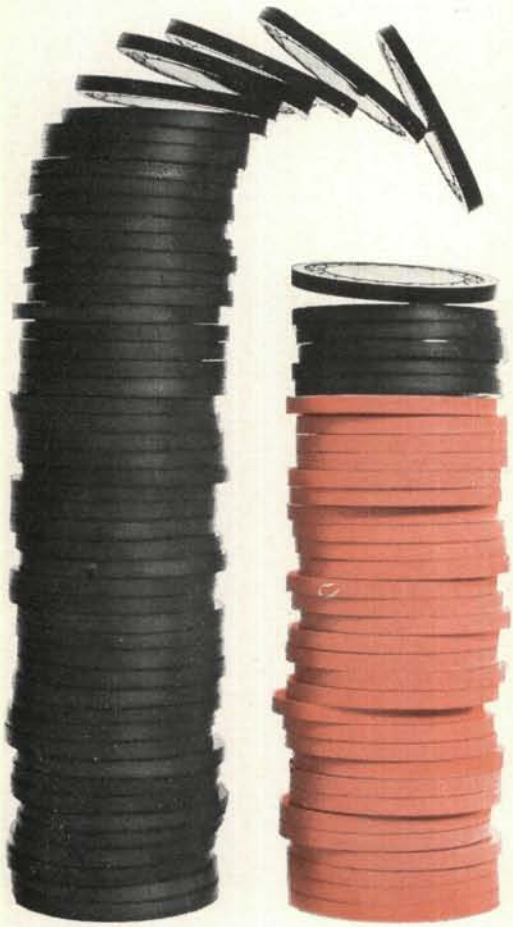

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